

booty book blurb

SO. A BOOK IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME. THE OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF (THANK YOU, MIKEAL) AND IT HAS BEEN ABOUT SIX YEARS SINCE I STARTED—ABOUT WHEN I BEGAN GRAD SCHOOL. (BY THE WAY, IF YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO'S GOING TO GIVE ME SHIT ABOUT BEING IN GRAD SCHOOL, COS YOU'VE GOT SOME ANTI-INTELLECTUAL BIAS ABOUT HIGHER EDUCATION, HERE'S A HEARTY PRE-EMPTORY "FUCK YOU!" YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE. ☺). ANYWAY, MANY THANKS, IN NO ORDER, ARE DUE TO: CARRIE, ANGELA, TERESA, SHAWN, SKULD, MIKEAL (AGAIN), DAVIDA, ABBY, KATIE + SEAN, ERIC-WITH-LEGS-LYDEN, VELVET G. + A.R., CHRIS, GEOFF, SIMON, DAVE, SYLVIE-BIKINI PAUL, —OH, I HATE DOING THESE COS I ALWAYS FORGET SOMEONE IMPORTANT (like MENGHSIN CINDY! and if that's you, I am really sorry!)—TERESA N.Y.C., FOLKS WHO SUPPORTED MY AIDS WALK PHILLY TEAM + ARE STILL WAITING FOR ART, LIKE JOHN-IN-N.Y.C., SYLVIE'S MOM + DAD, AND EVERYONE ELSE WHO'S... WELL... SUPPORTED MY BOOTY OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS. (that joke just never gets old.) ENJOY. ♡ anne

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HORRENDOUS FAILURE STUDIOS

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THEY CARRY MANY EXCELLENT THINGS.



me:

ANNE THALHEIMER
5 KILLS AVE. APT. 4
NEWARK, DE 19711

EMAIL: notes@udel.edu

WEB: uh, well, y'see, I've got this address but it's still under construction and I'm waiting for a little spare time, and...

HIBACHI WOEDOWN!

18 JULY 97 © ANNE

MY FAMILY IS MOST CERTAINLY NOT THE DEMONSTRATIVE TYPE.



OR TRADITIONAL.



WHICH ISN'T A BAD THING...



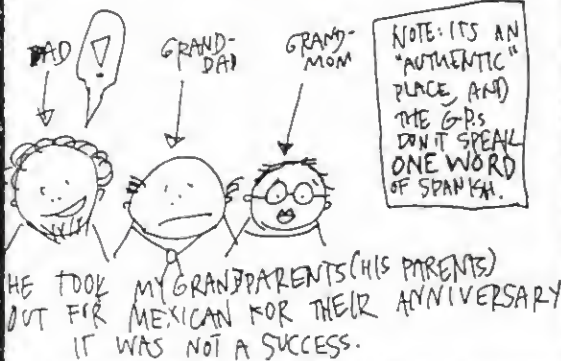
MY MOM LIKES SPICY FOOD.



MY BROTHERS ARE A BIT LESS... UH...



MY DAD LIKES MEXICAN A LOT.



NOTE: IT'S AN "AUTHENTIC" PLACE, AND THE G.P.s DON'T SPEAK ONE WORD OF SPANISH.

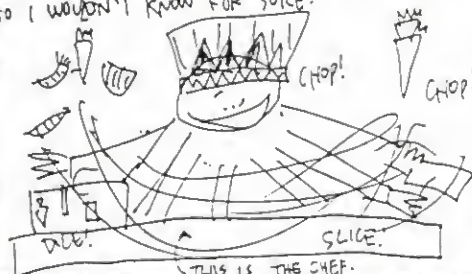
MAYBE I'D BETTER BACKTRACK. I LEFT HOME AT 16 (STARTED COLLEGE). MY DAD HAD MOVED OUT BY THAT POINT. I SPENT AUG 91-DEC 94 WORKING ON MY B.A. WITH TRIPS HOME TO MOM IN MA DURING SUMMERS + HOLIDAYS. DAD MOVED TO BOSTON, THEN COLORADO, THEN VA AND NOW SC. I MOVED TO CT IN FEB 95 TO TEACH EXPERIMENTAL EDUCATION.

THEN IN AUGUST '95 I MOVED HERE - NEWARK DE - FOR GRAD SCHOOL. MY FATHER'S PARENTS (VERY KIND BUT HOPELESSLY OLD WORLD!) LIVE 30M AWAY, IN WILMINGTON (WHICH IS WHERE I WAS BORN. !)

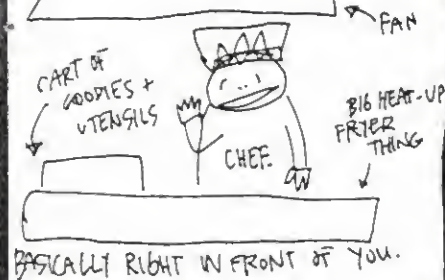
I SEE MY MOM ABOUT ONCE A YEAR, MAYBE TWICE. SHE RECENTLY VISITED, WHICH KINDA FUCKED ME UP BECAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS COMING. (HER TWIN SUCKED - see last issue) I SEE MY BROTHERS SLIGHTLY MORE FREQUENTLY, BECAUSE THEY VISIT OUR GP'S. (BOTH MOM + DAD ORIGINALLY WERE FROM MD)



HIBACHI'S A... WELL, AN AMERICAN YORPPE VERSION OF A JAPANESE STEAKHOUSE, I GUESS. I'VE NEVER SEEN A REAL JAPANESE STEAKHOUSE SO I WOULDN'T KNOW FOR SURE.



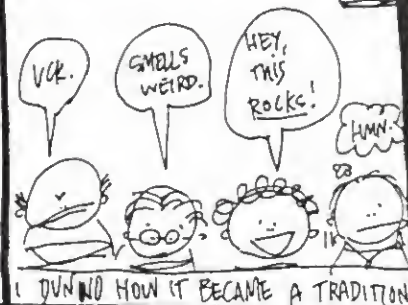
ANYWAY THE WILD THING IS THAT
THESE FOLKS COOK YOUR DINNER



AND THEY
MAKE
SUSHI!
AND
MAKI!
YUM!

SO A FEW SUMMERS BACK,
WE WENT.

2



ANOTHER CULINARY
MISSTEP
FOR THE FOLKS.



BUT ANDRES + I WERE HOOKED.



OK. AS I UNDERSTAND IT:

MAKI: SIX MINI-SLICES, ALL ALIKE,
OF ONE FILLING CHOICE
PLAIN BUT TASTY.



PIECE, W/SOMETHING RAW, USUALLY.

ANDRES WENT NUTS AND ICKED
OUT THE GEE IN A
MAJOR
WAY.



ESPECIALLY ON SUSHI. AND MAKI TOO.

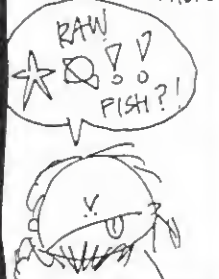
SO EVERY YEAR WE RETURN.



THIS SUMMER BOTH DAD AND NIK WERE VISITING.



DIDN'T TELL NIK WHAT
WAS UP TIL WE GOT
THERE.



DURING COOKING, THE SHOWMAN/CHEF
FLIPS SHRIMP TO DINERS TO CATCH
IN THEIR MOUTHS--AS PART OF
HIS SHTICK, YOU KNOW.



NIK IS NOT SO SKILLED.
THE SHRIMP GETS HIM
DEAD SMACK BETWEEN
HIS
EYES.



IT WAS A BANNER DAY. WE EVEN GOT
GRANDDAD TO TRY SOME SUSHI!
NIK, HOWEVER, WAS STILL IN A
SEMI-FUNK + REFUSED TO TRY
ANY.



What i've done instead of drawing

4 APRIL 97

WAKE UP!!



YEP-IT'S CHAR-BROILED TEMPEH, ALL RIGHT.



THINK IT'S ON FIRE...



TRIED TO TEACH MY JAPANESE HOUSEMATE HOW TO B-B-Q.



FED AND BABY-SALKED MY FISH.



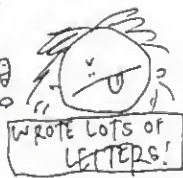
GRADED NINETY-TWO STUDENT PAPERS AND READ FORTY-SIX ROUGH DRAFTS



DROVE THRU BACKWOODS PA TO A SWANKY (SADLY OVERPRICED AT TIMES) BOOKSTORE-IN-A-BARN.



WHO, I MIGHT ADD HAVE GOTTEN PREENORMOUS! MOVING THEM IS GONNA STINK!



GODDAMN UNDERWIRE ELASTIC STUPID ITCHY STUPID ITCHY STUPID - OW! - RAAAAAGH!!



WHADDYA MEAN, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A NOUN IS?



HAD TO GO BUY A NEW BRA

MY DAY JOB



headache. HOME REMEDIES...

SURE! GO AHEAD AND TRY 'EM!!



EAT...



DANG.
NO
TEMPEH.

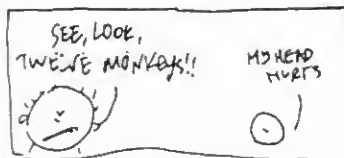


MMN...



GOD,
I'M
WIRED...
AND MY
HEAD
HURTS...

OR, MAYBE... DON'T EAT... BUT, YOU COULD... DRINK COFFEE... UNLESS IT'S AT NIGHT...



SEE, LOOK,
TWELVE MONKEYS!!

MY HEAD
HURTS



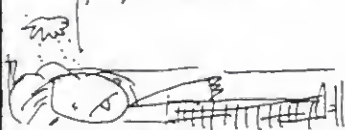
FUCK
THE
MONKEYS... MY HEAD
HUURTS!!



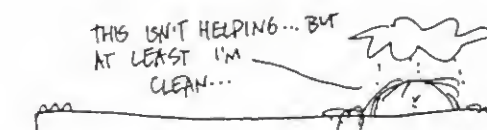
I DIDN'T KNOW THEY
HAD FISH VIDEOS...

IN WHICH CASE, SEE A MOVIE... OR, MAYBE NOT... OR... YOU COULD RENT SOMETHING... SNAZZY LOW-STRESS TYPE STUFF...

YEAH, I'D LIKE TO SLEEP...



SPEAKING OF STRESS... YOU COULD
LOWER YOUR STRESS LEVEL...



THIS ISN'T HELPING... BUT
AT LEAST I'M
CLEAN...

YUN. JAVA!



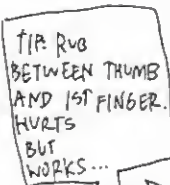
HAVE A NAP... OR A BATH... OR... UM, SOME COFFEE...



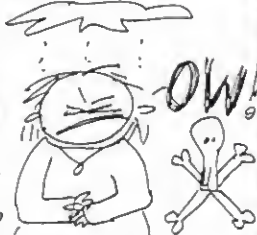
MMN...
YEAH...



MMN...
ICE
CREAM...



TIP RUB
BETWEEN THUMB
AND 1ST FINGER.
HURTS
BUT
WORKS...



OW!

OR LOTS OF DRUGS... OR GO OUT AND EAT ICE CREAM... (BUT MAKE SURE YOU HAVE A TASTY BACKUP FLAVOR IN CASE THEY'RE OUT OF YR 1ST CHOICE) OR MAYBE... REFLEXOLOGY...



MORE
COFFEE?!



AAAGH!

RAAGH,
CHOKED



I'M NOT GETTIN' OUT OF BED...

OR... MORE COFFEE... OR THROTTLE A HOUSEMATE... OR MAYBE GO RIGHT BACK TO THE NAP OPTION...

SOME DAYS ARE JUST
REALLY BAD...



I MEAN, ONLY RARELY DO I HAVE
A REALLY AWFUL DAY.
BUT USUALLY THOSE ARE THE
ONES NOBODY SEES, 'CAUSE I
CAN'T GET OUTTA BED, 'CAUSE
I CAN'T TALK,
'CAUSE I CAN'T
DEAL.



OR I THINK I'M OKAY, AND,
SUDDENLY,



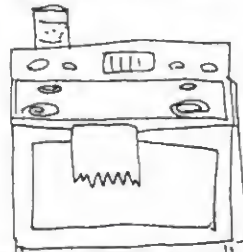
THIS HAPPENS LESS + LESS, THEY SAID.

'PLEASE JUST DON'T FUCKIN' ASK ME WHAT'S WRONG 'CAUSE I CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO EXPLAIN.'

AND IT'S WEIRD - LIKE A SCAB,
SORT OF, I KEEP PICKING AT IT
'I HAD TO GO LOOK AT THE
FUCKIN' PICTURES...



ESPECIALLY COOKING.



AND EVERYTHING'S SO FUCKED,
I CAN'T STOP THINKING
ABOUT IT WHEN I GET
LIKE THIS.



EVERYTHING COMES
BACK TO IT, IT SEEMS.



MY MOM DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME
WHEN I CAME BACK HOME
AFTERWARDS.



I LOOKED PRETTY HAGGARD.
BUT WHO DIDN'T THEN, REALLY?

AT LEAST I WAS TALKING.
MY FRIEND BORIS AND I WERE
SPENDING HOURS JUST SITTING
TOGETHER, OUT OF OUR MINDS.



THEY CALLED THAT PART "SHOCK".

I MEAN, THE DAYS BETWEEN
WHEN IT HAPPENED (14 DEC 92)
AND WHEN I WENT BACK HOME
(THE 18TH? THE 19TH?)... WERE
HARD TO DIFFERENTIATE...
I STILL CAN'T EVEN THINK
OF THEM LIKE THAT.

ANY OF IT.

OF COURSE, I WASN'T SLEEPING.
OR EATING. OR TALKING
MUCH.
OR REALLY DOING
ANYTHING.
COULDN'T DEAL,
I GUESS. I DID SPEND A LOT
OF TIME SITTING WITH BORIS THO.



AND WHAT I REMEMBER ARE FRAGMENTS.



WEARING THE SAME PAIR OF BLACK JEANS FOR
DAYS BECAUSE I WAS ON TOTAL AUTOPILOT.
(I LATER THREW THEM AWAY)

BLOOD - HIS BLOOD - IN THE SNOWBANK,
AND CAR WINDSHIELD GLASS TOO,
FROM WHERE THE BULLETS HIT... GLASS
SHATTERED... LITTLE GLASS SHARDS
STUCK INTO THE SNOW...

AND FLOWERS,
LATER,

AND
CANDLES...

AFTER SOMEONE
CLEANED UP THE BLOOD...

LITTLE GLASS SHARDS.
THEY TWINKLED LIKE DIAMONDS. I PICKED ONE UP AND KEPT IT.

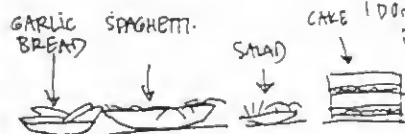
MORTY, WHO FOUND THE BODY,
TOLD ME THAT THE POLICE'D
SAID HE NEVER KNEW WHAT'D
HIT HIM.
(NOT LIKE GALEN)
SAID HE HAD NO IDEA.
(GALEN MNEW)

SOMETIMES I WONDER IF
THAT'S TRUE... I WONDER...

ANYWAY - ALL I DID FOR THE REST OF DECEMBER
1992 WAS COOK. I DON'T REMEMBER CHRISTMAS.
MY MOM SAYS THAT I COOKED ENTIRE MEALS FOR
THEM (MY MOM + 2 BROTHERS) AND DIDN'T EAT
ANYTHING.

SHE SAYS.

I DON'T REALLY
REMEMBER



AND I DIDN'T GO TO GALEN'S FUNERAL.
THAT PART I DO REMEMBER.

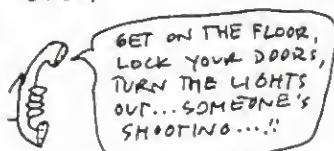
I PROBABLY SMOKED. A LOT. TOO MUCH.
MY MOM BOUGHT ME SMOKES 'CAUSE
I COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO LEAVE THE
HOUSE. CHECKED THE LOCKS - ALL OF
THEM - EVERY TEN MINUTES,
AT LEAST. IN BETWEEN
CIGARETTES, I THINK. SMOKE,
CHECK, SMOKE, CHECK. THEY SAID
THAT WAS NORMAL ALSO. THEY HAD A
WORD FOR IT THAT I DON'T REMEMBER.

THE WHOLE THING DIDN'T SINK IN FOR AGES.

MONTHS.
I WAS COOKING WITH MY FRIEND ALLISON...
AND IT WAS... SHE SAID...
SOME GUN JOKE...
AND SUDDENLY I FELT LIKE I WAS GONNA DIE.
I COULDN'T BREATHE.



SEE, I DIDN'T EVEN FIGURE THAT
ONE OUT UNTIL ABOUT A YEAR
LATER.



OUR LOCKS DIDN'T WORK.

THEN I GOT HYSTERICAL.
DIDN'T MEAN TO.
ALLISON FREAKED.



NOW I JUST LOCK MYSELF
IN MY ROOM WHEN I GET
LIKE THIS. I MEAN, AT LEAST THE
THERAPY GUYS WERE RIGHT ABOUT
THAT PART...

AND WHEN THE PHONE RANG AGAIN...

I DIDN'T KNOW IF I SHOULD ANSWER.

I THOUGHT THEY WERE KIDDING.



WELL, I DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT I LATER
FOUND OUT WHAT'D HAPPENED... WHO...

RIGHT AFTER THE SHOOTING, MY ROOMMATE
BROUGHT ME AN' BORIS TO THE N.O.V.A.
COUNSELORS THE COLLEGE BROUGHT IN.

AN... THEN WHAT?
THEN I THOUGHT, I MEAN, IS
SOMEONE REALLY SHOOTING?
IT SOUNDS LIKE POPCORN...



SHE WAS PISSED BECAUSE WE DIDN'T
TALK.

THE COUNSELOR DIDN'T MUCH CARE.
THE MEDIA FOLKS LOVED IT.

THEY WERE ALL CAMPED OUT
AT THE END OF THE COLLEGE'S DRIVEWAY.
THIS IS SO-AND-SD- IN ST. BARRINGTON,
WHERE AN OVERNIGHT SHOOTING
SPREE'S LEFT A STUDENT AND
A PROFESSOR DEAD,
AND A CAMPUS IN
SHOCK!



THEN THEY SHOWED FOOTAGE OF US,
STUDENTS, ON CAMPUS, DAZED...
THEY TRIED TALKING TO US TOO.

GOING UP TO STUDENTS
AND SHOVING MICS
IN OUR FACES...
THE POLICE EVENTUALLY
HAD TO GUARD THE
ENTRANCE SO THEY WOULDN'T
COME ON CAMPUS...
I KNOW BECAUSE BORIS & I ALSO
WATCHED THE NEWS.



IT STILL CUTS ME UP.

I ADORER NACUÑAN.

IF I'D CALLED ABOUT THE PAPER I WAS
WRITING FOR HIM...
ON PABLO NERUDA...

FIVE MINUTES LATER AND HE'D BE...
FIVE MINUTES LATER...

I HAD HIS PHONE NUMBER.
I HAD A QUESTION TOO...
HE WAS THE FIRST PERSON WHO'D EVER SAID I WAS SMART.

HE TAUGHT ME ABOUT KAÏKA.
HE WAS SHOT IN HIS LEFT TEMPLE AS HE
DROVE ONTO CAMPUS.
HE DIED IN HIS CAR.
I SAW HIS BLOOD IN THE SNOW
GIVEN - SIX DAYS OLDER THAN I WAS - AM -
...HIS LAST WORDS...

"I'VE BEEN SHOT..."

HE DIED IN THE LIBRARY.
WE USED TO FENCE NEAR THERE,
WOULD LAUGH... SMOKE...
LAUGH...



AND I'M FOUR YEARS OLDER NOW,
MILES FROM MASSACHUSETTS,
I SHOULD BE OVER IT.
I MEAN, THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE SAYS -
"IT'S BEEN FOUR YEARS"



FOUR YEARS

JUST FOUR

AND EVEN NOW -
A CAR BACKFIRING -
SUDDEN LOUD NOISES



I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

DAMMIT, IT'S THE SEASON FOR THIS!

STUFF i love

by ANNE 2 FEB 98

I LOVE THE WAY JON SPENCER TELLS "YEAT!!"

I LOVE COMPLEMENTS!
I USED TO FREAK OUT ABOUT 'EM, BUT NOW I LIKE 'EM (ESPR. IF THEY ARE ABOUT MY WORK!) WHOA!!

i love travel - SEEING NEW PLACES + THINGS

DAMMIT - ROUTE THIRTY? OH CRAP.



CRAP!
OH... WAIT...

and i love driving too...

i love having tattoos

i love what they mean to me

I LOVE MY GRANDFATHER'S STORIES ABOUT DRIVING CROSS-COUNTRY IN THE 1960S!
THEN WE DROVE THROUGH NEW MEXICO...

(NO, HE DOESN'T LOOK JUST LIKE THIS!)

DO DO DO

I LOVE NEW MARKERS!

THIS BAGEL SURVIVED BEING IN MY BACKPACK ALL DAY, A TRIP TO THE AGO, GETTING SHOPSY'S BAGEL THROUGH THE US/CANADA BORDER AND A BLIZZARD... AND STILL TASTED FABULOUS!! YEAT!!



MUSIC i love music and can't work without it.

ME, DRAWING... Gram listening to sebadah and the pixies and higher... stereo



DVH! I LOVE COFFEE! (my first thing in the morning)



月面着陸は自作自演!! THE WEAST WORLD NEWS IN JAPANESE...

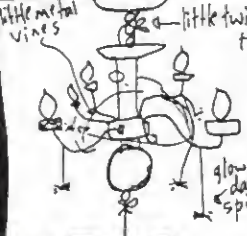
I LOVE J.D.'S MIX TAPES

AND I REMEMBER TEACHERS: LIVE LEARNED FROM: NATALIE + NACUNAN + GABRIEL + GRP T...



NOT JUST THE BOOK STUFF, BUT REALITY TV, LIFE + DEATH + SELF, ETC.

little metal vines... a little twisty ties! exp! glow in the dark spiders glow in the dark cat... I LOVE THE LIGHT FIXTURES in my room - and i love my too



I LOVE TEACHING. AS MUCH AS I GRIPE, THERE'S REALLY NO OTHER JOB I'D WANNA DO, NOTHING THAT'D ROCK MY WORLD LIKE TEACHING DOES. IT MAKES ME FEEL GOOD, I'M LEARNING STUFF, AND ITS FUCKIN' COOL!

MAIL!



i love getting mail!

I LOVE LONG PHONE CALLS FROM MY CLOSE FRIENDS WHO I'M VERY COMFORTABLE WITH



i love my friends - you know who you are

I LOVE WEIRD NAIL POLISH COLORS. I LOVE MY WEIRD HANDS. (EARS, SHORT NAILS, THEY ARE W O R N) THIS FINGER IS ACTUALLY CROOKED - JA MMEED IT PLAYING BASKETBALL IN 8TH GRADE



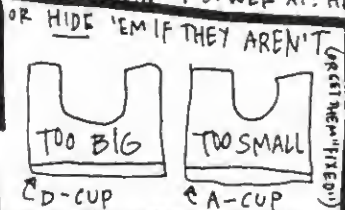
AAAH! YOU CAN'T DO A STORY ABOUT THAT!



TIT TALK

BY AND © ANNE. 2 FEBRUARY 1998.

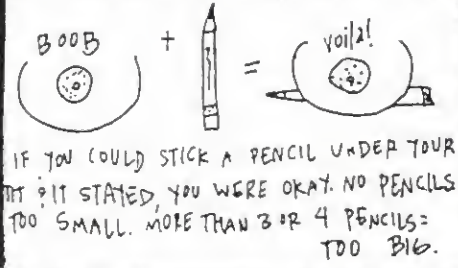
OK. I'M GETTING PRETTY SICK OF LIVING IN A SOCIETY WHERE WE'RE SUPPOSTA FLAUNT 'EM IF THEY'RE THE "RIGHT" SIZE...



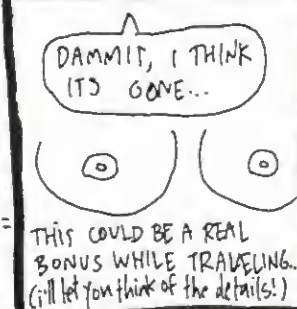
AND I'VE HAD IT WITH STUPID WAYS OF FIGURING THE "RIGHT" SIZE OF BREASTS.



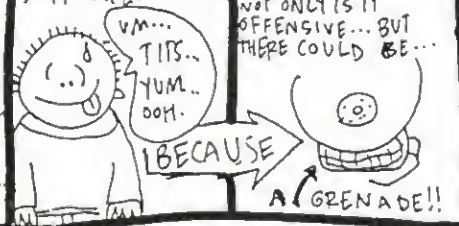
IN COLLEGE IT WAS "THE PENCIL TEST."



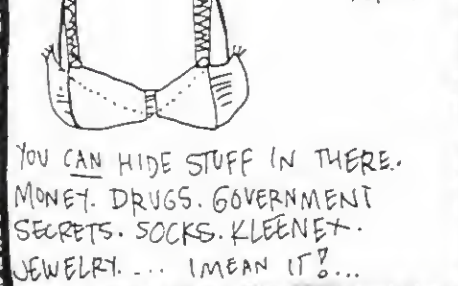
IF YOU COULD STICK A PENCIL UNDER YOUR IT? IT STATED, YOU WERE OKAY. NO PENCILS= TOO SMALL. MORE THAN 3 OR 4 PENCILS= TOO BIG.



AND THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE A WOMAN WALKING AROUND, DON'T THINK STUFF LIKE:



NOW, OF COURSE BRAS CHANGE THE SCENE OF HAULING GRENADES AROUND BUT, DESPITE THE DISCOMFORT, THERE ARE PERKS.



NOT THAT I'M TERRIBLY FOND OF BRAS,
MIND YOU.

WHAT THE...? ?
DAMMIT!!



I DON'T EVEN RECALL
HOW OLD I WAS, ACTUALLY.

I READ A LOT AS A KID, SO I WASN'T
ENTIRELY IGNORANT OF PUBERTY.
I JUST DIDN'T WANT IT TO HAPPEN
TO ME.

I REMEMBER GOING A LONG WHILE WITHOUT.
I ALSO DIDN'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS, REALLY, SO I
NEVER HAD THE WHOLE "MOM-TOOK-ME-OUT-FOR
A TRAINING BRA" THING. A LOT OF THIS TIME IN MY LIFE IS
A BLANK, MORE OR LESS. I REMEMBER FRAGMENTS.



I REALLY
LIKE
YOUR
TITS.

THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED THE
SUMMER BEFORE I STARTED
HIGH SCHOOL.

I TOLD HIS MOM WHAT HE'D
SAID.

NEIGHBOR ACROSS THE STREET.
2 OR 3 YEARS OLDER.
TOTAL JERK.

SHE CALLED ME A LIAR.

IT WAS AT THIS POINT I STARTED SAVING
MY MONEY AND STEALING MY MOTHER'S
BRAS. THEY DIDN'T QUITE FIT, BUT...



THIS CAN'T
BE RIGHT...

KEEP IN MIND THAT MY MOM'S A HARD-
CORE ALCOHOLIC + HAS UTTERLY NOT
DISCUSSED ANY OF THIS PUBERTY
STUFF WITH ME. (explains lots, huh?)

VICTORIA'S SECRET
HAD NO-HASSLE
RETURNS.



I'LL BE
DAMNED
...

THROUGH TRIAL TERROR
I FOUND A SIZE MORE "ME"

IT WAS AROUND THIS TIME I GOT
MY PERIOD. I REMEMBER B/C
IT WAS THE DAY MY MOM'S MOM,
WHO HAD ALZHEIMERS AND
EPILEPSY, MOVED IN.

alkego



IF YOU DO A
STORY
ABOUT YER
PERIOD,
I'M
OUTTA
HERE!

no breasts!

MY MOTHER FINALLY FIGURED OUT
WHAT I WAS UP TO, AND IN HER
OWN WAY TRIED TO HELP.



I'M NOT WEARING THIS.

THE INFAMOUS
"TEDDY" SHE
INSISTED THAT
I WEAR.

THIS
IS A
TEDDY.



LITTLE SNAPS!!

MY MOM
LIKED 'EM.
I FIGURED
I MIGHT
AS WELL
WEAR A
BATHING
SUIT.

IT POPPED OPEN
AT THE CROTCH
ALL THE TIME.

AFTER THIS REFUSAL, SHE'D TEASE ME
IN PUBLIC IF SHE THOUGHT I WASN'T
WEARING A BRA.

YOU'RE NOT WEARING
YOUR "UNDERWEAR"
ARE YOU?!

FUCK OFF,
MOM.

HIGH SCHOOL
BACKPACK!
BRAIN!
COOL?
W3!

LIKE I SAID, I DID A LOT OF READING,
SO I DIDN'T FEEL TOTALLY ADRIPT
I FOUND A
"CROWD" IN SCHOOL.
I FINALLY WENT
FULL-ON GOTH.



I WENT TO GERMANY
WHEN I WAS 15
AND MET A HARD-CORE
PUNK BOY NAMED
STEFAN.



HE SMOKED TOO.

I DISCOVERED
THAT
STEFAN
SHAVED HIS
ARMPITS.

DESPITE MY BEST EFFORTS I WAS BACK
IN HIGH SCHOOL THE NEXT YEAR.
(in america)



BUT I WAS
DOING LOTS
OF THEATER.
AND DRUGS.

FROM A PRODUCTION
OF OLIVER! I WAS A
"CHORUS GIRL." FEN!

BOTH HELPED A LOT.

OF COURSE, THE DRUGS LED TO OTHER THINGS. (I WAS HEAD OVER HEELS FOR THE SON OF MY THEATER DIRECTOR) I KEPT FINDING REASONS TO STAY AWAY FROM HOME. (NEVER TOLD HIM)



SURE, I'LL GO.

SOME WERE GOOD.
(theater)

SOME WEREN'T...

I PLAYED ALONG. WHEN I WAS HOME I STAYED IN MY ROOM, WROTE POETRY OR LETTERS.



SMOKED.
DREW.
WENT TO WORK.
(I GOT FIRED FROM ONE JOB...)

DIDN'T TALK TO ANYONE.

MY MOM WAS - AND REMAINS - A CATHOLIC CONVERT.

OUT.



SHE GOT ME A JOB WORKING AT THE RECTORY (CLEANING). IT HAD A XEROX, WHICH I USED, SECRETLY, TO XEROX MY COMICS. WHICH WAS OKAY UNTIL HE GOT OUT OF NIGHT MASS EARLY + CAUGHT ME.

I WAS FINE WITH BEING FIRED. THE DICK ONLY PAID ME \$3 PER HOUR.
LOOKS LIKE A DICK, HUH?



HOWEVER, HE TOLD MY MOTHER...

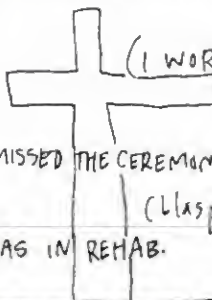
"PORNOGRAPHY..."

"DRAWING..."

"CONFESSION..."

"CONFIRMATION..."

I'D ACTUALLY GOTTEN CONFIRMED, AT MY MOTHER'S INSISTENCE.



(I WORE BLACK)

SHE MISSED THE CEREMONY.

(blasphemy)

SHE WAS IN REHAB.

THE REHAB THING WAS FUNNY. THEY TOOK HER UNDERWEAR AT ADMITTING. SHE ASKED ME TO SMUGGLE A TEDDY IN FOR HER.

I BROUGHT HER A BRA.



SHE SAID SHE FELT EXPOSED. NAKED.

ALONG.

SHE SAID SHE

DIDN'T FEEL RIGHT WITHOUT "UNDERWEAR".

IT WAS AT THIS TIME SOME OTHER BIG THINGS HAPPENED.

I TURNED 16, AND MY PARENTS DIVORCED (ON MY BIRTHDAY - DUMB LUCK), I GOT A POEM PUBLISHED, I APPLIED TO COLLEGE, AND I PARTIED TOO MUCH.

MY FIRST LOVER - NOT MY FIRST KISS (THAT'S ANOTHER STORY) - SAID THAT MY BREASTS WERE "EROTIC". HE WAS OLDER THAN I WAS + ADOPTED + A MAJOR PARTY BOY. HAD JACK DANIELS IN HIS LOCKER.



(HIS BROTHER WAS IN MY ENGLISH CLASS.)

"EROTIC..."

..."EXOTIC"

(I KEPT IT A SECRET)

HE WAS FIXATED ON THEM.

I ALSO DON'T THINK I EVER SAW HIM SOBER.



BIG PARTY. WEED. ACID...

STOP IT! THIS IS AWFUL! AND YOU AREN'T EVEN ON THE TOPIC ANYMORE!



JESUS CHRIST!

WILL YA JUST

FINISH THIS ALREADY?!

AND THINK ABOUT WHO'S READING THIS! JUST THINK.



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT IS I HATED MY BODY. I WAS NOT SKINNY. MY BREASTS WERE NOT CHAMPAGNE GLASS SIZE. I WAS DOING POORLY IN SCHOOL, GENERALLY. NOBODY WOULD HELP ME. I WAS A DISCIPLINE PROBLEM. I GOT INTO FISTFIGHTS. I REFUSED TO BE BULLIED. I HATED MY LIFE.



I JUST WANTED SOMEbody.

AND I HAD NO WORDS FOR ANY OF IT.

I LEFT HOME - left it all in disarray -



TURNED 17

AND SWORE TO STAY AWAY FOREVER.

COLLEGE WAS BETTER.

(LEFT HIGH SCHOOL)

I FINALLY GOT

TO

VANISH...

BUT YOU'LL MISS YOUR PROM!



MY HIGH SCHOOL & GUIDANCE

COUNSELOR BUSY LOOKING OUT FOR MY BEST INTERESTS

GOT TO START OVER.

THE YEARS I SPENT IN COLLEGE WERE...

FABULOUS.

ANNE, 1991

DREDS. BRAIDS.

TINSEL



(I GOT TO REINVENT MYSELF)

I HAD A MAJOR JANE'S ADDICTION FETISH.

ANNE, 1993

NO HAIR



YEAH, I LIKE THIS.

DON'T GET ME WRONG - THE FIRST SIXTEEN YEARS OF MY LIFE WEREN'T A COMPLETE WRITE-OFF.

(though there's much more i should have said)
I'M STILL IN TOUCH WITH A FEW FOLKS...



ONE'S GETTING MARRIED IN JUNE. TIKES.

I JUST FEEL LIKE A TOTALLY DIFFERENT PERSON. PART OF THAT IS BECAUSE OF COLLEGE - SIMON'S

ASSOCIATE'S DEGREE (1993)
BACHELOR'S (1994)



HOLY SHIT!

A MASTER'S (1997) - weird, huh?

THE LAST I SWEAR?
ROCK IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER PLACE ON THIS PLANET.

LEAVING HOME SAVED MY LIFE.

SIMON'S ROCK CHANGED IT. (amazing)

SOMETIMES. JUST THINK ABOUT MY LIFE, WHAT I'VE DONE, SEEN, SURVIVED, LIVED, WATCHED...



OW.

AND I THINK ABOUT BEIN' FEMALE...



WHAT THAT IS

WHAT THAT MEANS

WHAT MY BODY'S GOT TO DO WITH IT.

WHY ARE BREASTS SUCH A BIG DEAL?

VICTORIA'S SECRET

valentine

SHO FOR BUSTIER
SIZES 34-36
Band C



AND WHY DOES VICTORIA'S SECRET MAKE ME SO ANGRY NOW?

IS IT THE GENDER STEREOTYPES?



The Perfect Gift

SIZEISM?
RACISM?

IS IT THE RAMPANT HETERO STUFF?

WOULD I FEEL DIFFERENTLY IF I DID IDENTIFY AS HETEROSEXUAL?



DON'T GO THERE!

ALTER EGO

IS THIS'LL BE A FUCKING EPIC!

AND I'M THINKING BACK TO COLLEGE (always felt safe)
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!
I'LL NEVER HAVE THAT FREEDOM AGAIN FEARLESSNESS (reckless)

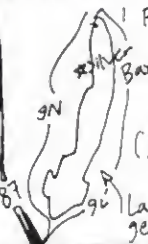


alter ego

(THE CHANCE TO COMPLETELY START OVER...)

I REMEMBER SKINNY DIPPING IN MONTEREY, MA.

New York



I REMEMBER MY MOTHER'S TEDDY WHILE I AM HIKING (TOPLESS)

INSILVER BAY

NEW YORK

IN JUNE

1995.

I REMEMBER...

I REMEMBER +DING MY BODY- (breasts, belly, thighs, legs)
EVERYONE WAS SO BUSY PANICKING ABOUT THE GOTH STUFF...



comic boots

(OR SO I THOUGHT)

MY PURSE + CARRY ALL THING WAS ONE OF THE HALLOWEEN HAPPY MEAL BUCKETS - M&M'S - A BRIGHT ORANGE PUMPKIN.

I REMEMBER GETTING TATTOOED.



I REMEMBER IT CHANGED HOW I THOUGHT OF MY BODY

I COULD FINALLY ARTICULATE HOW I FELT

(FINALLY OWNED MY BODY...)

and i still have some issues

(hangups)

Sex and body image

and the like (who doesn't?)

and i have some stories and i have some scars

JUST TELL ME WHEN SHE'S DONE.



but best of all, i have distance.

FIN



8 april 1998



safely out of reach!



WO.



No!



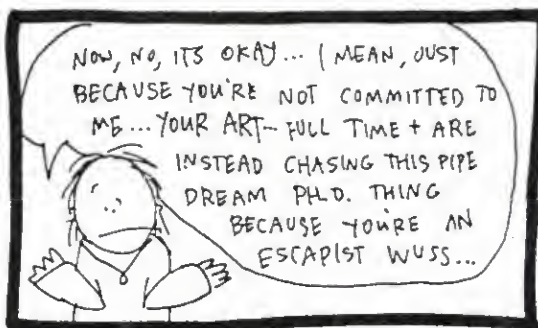
I SAID NO.



argh



dammit



WUSS.

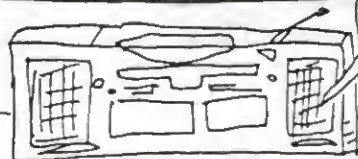


END

RETRO?!

"god damn, i am..." (weezer)

by annie 8 april 98



AND THE DAMN RADIO STARTS PLAYING R.E.M.'s "POP SONG 89"!

"HELLO... I'M SORRY... I LOST MYSELF..."

"I THINK I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE ELSE..."



AND SUDDENLY I HAD ONE OF "THOSE" MOMENTS... YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

"should we talk about the weather"



WELL- I HEARD IT WHEN "GREEN" FIRST CAME OUT... IN NOVEMBER 1988! ALMOST TEN YEARS AGO!

OH SHIT.



How WEIRD! AND SUDDENLY I'M REMEMBERING THEN... I'M FIFTEEN AND LIVING IN MASSACHUSETTS...

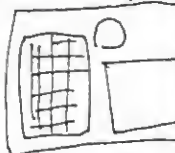
I HATE SCHOOL, HATE EVERYTHING, AM INFATUATED WITH LEAVING... AND I LOVE MUSIC. R.E.M. the CURE...

ME.

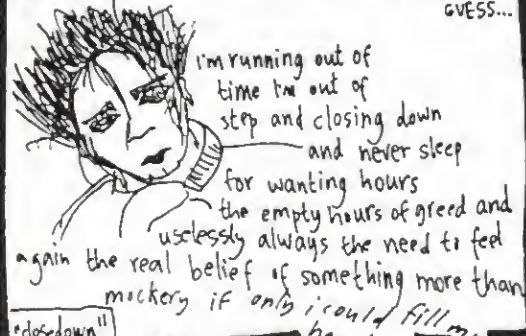


I SPEND HOURS ALONE... JUST LISTENING TO THE RADIO. RECORDS. TAPES. DEPECHE MODE, THE SMITHS, R.E.M... SIOUXSIE + THE BANSHEES... THE CURE...

NO CDs!!



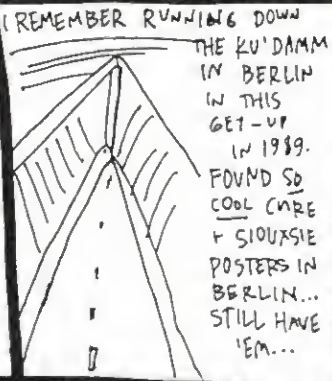
ROBERT SMITH IS... I DUNNO... LIKE MY IDOL, I GUESS...



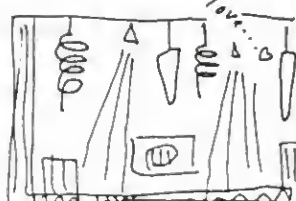
I USED TO GO TO SCHOOL DRESSED UP LIKE HIM... ALWAYS THE HAIR, SOMETIMES A SUIT...



MY FAVORITE TRICK WAS RIMMING MY EYES WITH RED LIPSTICK- IT'D MELT + LOOK LIKE MY EYES WERE BLEEDING...



TIME PASSES - I SEE THE CURE IN CONCERT AGAIN (3RD OR 4TH TIME...) IT IS 21 MAY 1992, a thursday, WORCESTER, MA i am a college student (am changed) back home after a year away - i am with old friends and i have never felt more alone...



never felt weirder... (felt so different)

TAMER HAIR. RED DREDS!



CAME OUT IN 1991 STOPPED SHAVING STOPPED WEARING MAKEUP (CHANGED)



ANYWAY - I NEVER ATTEMPTED
EXPLAINING BEING BI TO ANYONE.
IT WAS TAKE IT OR
LEAVE IT. LITTLE
MISS POLITICAL.

I SAW MY FRIEND
CHRISSEY - HE'D BEEN
THE ONE WHO HOOKED
ME ON THE SMITHS,
AND I'D SPENT YEARS
SMOULDERING FOR
HIM (OK, OK, AND TASHA
YAR FROM STAR TREK AND, OF COURSE
SMITH + STIPE + SIOUXIE) WE TALKED.

YORK
WHAT?



I WAS SO EXCITED TO BE ABLE TO VOTE IN 1992.

I VIVIDLY REMEMBER STIPE'S WHOLE

"DON'T GET BUSHWHACKED"
THING IN 1988.

GET POLITICAL.

GET INVOLVED.

I WAS.

I DID.

(I AM.)

AMFAR,
act-up
amnesty, int'l
greenpeace
P.E.T.A.
(quit eating meat)
Kept up on politics,
the Motor Voter Bill... gun control...

RETRO P62



AND THEN STIPE CAME OUT AS BI ALSO!
I THINK THE PHRASE HE USED WAS

"EQUAL
OPPORTUNITY
LECH."

COOL!

I WAS THINKING
ABOUT THIS LAST WEEK

I WAS IN BORDERS IN WILMINGTON,
THIS COOL BOOKSHOP,
AND THERE WAS AN
INTERVIEW W/STIPE,
WHICH I SKIMMED
SINCE THE REST OF
THE MAG WAS PRETTY
DAMN DULL.

"I'm not your
magazine..."



HMM...
HAVEN'T
LISTEN-
ED
TO
MUCH
R.E.M.
LATELY...

...Ami good in bed? i don't know... i guess so... i don't sleep, i dream... mmh... i'll settle for a cup of coffee but you know what i really need...

SO I PUT ON "MONSTER" (2nd half),
PLAYED "LIFE'S RICH PAGEANT", then "GREEN"
SOME WEIRD VELVET
UNDERGROUND COVERS,
then PLATED THE CURE'S "STARING AT
THE SEA"
and parts of "DISINTEGRATION",
"PORNOGRAPHY", slipped in THE
SMITHS (played "ASK" and "VICAR IN A TUV")
AND THEN WENT BACK
TO
"MONSTER"...

"CRUSH WITH EYELINER"
CRACKS ME UP,
SUDDENLY, AS I'M
RECALLING SOMETHING

MY
MOTHER
SAID
A
LONG
TIME
AGO...



WHY DO ALL OF
THESE GUYS
WEAR
EYELINER?

COULD BE U2,
COULD BE DEPECHE MODE



AND
WHO
ARE
THOSE
BLEACHED
HAIR
BOYS?

SO I DUG OUT
MY R.E.M.
BACK CATALOGUE
old stuff
new stuff
singles...

man, i gotta do
Spring cleaning...

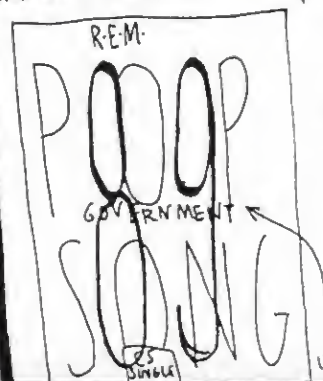


I FOUND MY OLD CURE
CASSETTE SINGLES...



I USED TO HAVE A T-SHIRT LIKE
THIS... I WORE IT OUT...

and one R.E.M. one:



...SHOULD WE TALK
ABOUT THE
WEATHER?
hi-hi-hi-
SHOULD WE TALK ABOUT
THE
GOVERNMENT?
hi-hi-hi-hi...
(OH! AND THE VIDEO FOR
THIS SONG? OH MY!)

IT REALLY SAYS "GOVERNMENT!" FIN

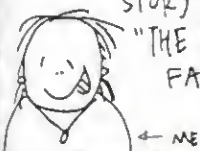
dinner conversation

by anne 7 april 1998

part one!


LA LA LA I'M NOT LISTENING!

I FIRST BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH THIS STORY THROUGH "THE TAMPON FAIRY"



← ME

PREVIOUSLY

WHAT THE  IS A TAMPON FAIRY?



I WAS ALL WRONG, AS IT TURNS OUT.



NO, YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG!

APPARENTLY ONE OF MY COLLEAGUES WAS ASTONISHED AT THE APPEARANCE OF TAMPONS IN THE HOUSE HE + HIS WIFE LIVE IN.



ACK!

I HAVE NO DAMN IDEA HOW THOSE THINGS GET IN THE HOUSE.

I MEAN, I WAS ENVISIONING THIS DEVIANT LITTLE TINKERBELL SCATTERING TAMPAX AND OF ALL THROUGHOUT THE LAND, HEAVING 'EM UNDER LITTLE GIRLS' PILLOWS AND THE LIKE...



OF COURSE, IT WAS DECIDED, THE TAMPON FAIRY DID IT.



TAMPAX! 96 COUNT! BIEBER THAN EVER!

OR LITTLE TEENY ELVES. WHATEVER

THE TAMPON DISCUSSION QUICKLY BLEED (HA HA) INTO A FORUM FOR DEBATING THE VARIOUS WAYS OF DEALING WITH ONE'S PERIOD. SOMEONE BROUGHT UP CLOTH PADS. THE KIND YOU RE-USE.



LA LA LA I'M NOT LISTENING LA LA LA !!

WELL, WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM EXACTLY?

REACTIONS WERE VARIED.

TWO OF THE GUYS THERE WERE—AND REMAIN, I GUESS, PRO-REUSABLE-CLOTH-PAD (MORE I MEAN... SIGNIFICANTLY, THEIR S.O.'S WERE— ARE— PRO-REUSABLE—CLOTH-PAD)



ERICK



AN INFORMAL STRAW POLL OF SORTS WAS CONDUCTED.

SCOTT STOPPED SINGING LONG ENOUGH TO ASK:

HEY, HOW'D YOU TWO GUYS TURN INTO EXPERTS ON THIS ALL OF A SUDDEN?



CYNTHIA QUIPPED: "OH, THEY'RE FEMINISTS" (softly voice)

THEY INSISTED THEIR POSITIONS ON THIS MATTER WERE BECAUSE THEY DID THE WASH.



YEAH!

OUR WAITRESS CAST HER VOTE.

OH, THOSE CLOTH ONES? YOU CAN GET 'EM AT THE CO-OP, BUT I'VE NEVER USED ONE + PROBABLY NEVER WILL...



TO HER CREDIT, SHE HUMORED + TOLERATED US...

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE WHOLE THING (4 PRO-TAMPON, 3 PRO-RE-USE CLOTH PAD, AND ONE VEHEMENTLY ABSTAINING!)]

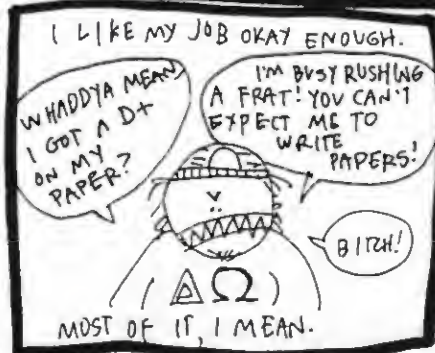
DIED DOWN.

CALLAHAN! I GOTTA WRITE THIS SHIT DOWN BEFORE I FORGET...WE GOTTA GO...



(PLUS BRIAN WAS GETTING EVER INCREASINGLY VULGAR...)

FIR A FEW DAYS, ANYWAY...





IF YOU CALL ME A GRINCH, I'M GONNA KICK YOU IN THE NUTS, OKAY?!

FUCK XMAS!

BY ANNE

26 DEC 98

↑ TITLE SWIPED FROM HARLAN ELLISON

IT ISN'T THAT I DISLIKE CHRISTMAS, EXACTLY.



BUT I DON'T EXACTLY GO BONKERS ABOUT THE DAY.



UNTIL I WAS SEVEN, MY FAMILY CELEBRATED HANUKKAH IN MASSACHUSETTS, WHERE WE LIVED.



IT WAS BECAUSE OF MY MOTHER.

WE'D ALSO DRIVE TO DELAWARE TO SEE MY DAD'S PARENTS, FOR XMAS.



THAT WAS HELL. WE STOPPED WHEN I WAS ABOUT TEN.

BY THE TIME I WAS 15, I THINK MY DAD HAD MOVED OUT.



TO: PATTON FROM: DAD

HE'D BUY ME SIZE 5 MEN'S COMBAT BOOTS. (I LOVED 'EM!)

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS HOME AFTER I'D MOVED OUT + GONE FOR COLLEGE...



UH, THANKS MOM.

PRETTY MUCH SUCKED.

MY MOTHER'S A LITTLE ECCENTRIC.

THE NEXT YEAR WAS WORSE.

THERE WAS A MASS SHOOTING AT MY COLLEGE (14 DEC 1992).



I HAVE HUGE MEMORY GAPS... MISSING YEARS...

IN 1995, I MOVED AWAY TO START GRAD SCHOOL.



stress!



more stress!

↑ bad polaroids ↑

LIKE AN IDIOT, I DECIDED TO TRAVEL → FIRST TO GT. BARRINGTON FOR THE MEMORIAL, THEN TO BOSTON TO SEE KEVIN, AND THEN BACK TO MY MOTHER'S HOUSE TRAINS... CARS... BUSES... UGH!

IT WAS AWFUL—UNBEARABLY DEPRESSING. I KNEW THEN THAT YOU NEVER REALLY CAN GO BACK HOME AGAIN. AND THAT'S WHEN MY MOTHER'S HOUSE STOPPED BEING "HOME."



NEVER AGAIN.

I LEFT IN A HURRY. ON A PLANE.

IN 1997, MY FATHER WENT BACK INTO REHAB. I DROVE DOWN TO SEE HIM... IT WAS WEIRD. I'D SEEN MY MOTHER IN REHAB, BUT NOT MY DAD...



IT WAS PROFOUNDLY DISTURBING.

SO I GET A LITTLE DEFENSIVE WHEN SOMEONE ASKS:

SO-YA GOIN' HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS?

BECAUSE I CAN'T EXPLAIN MY FUCKED-UP FAMILY. AND THAT HOUSE IN MASSACHUSETTS IS NOT MY HOME.



NO. I MEAN, I AM HOME.

NOT ANYMORE. (FIN)

i swear i don't make it up!

26
DEC
98

a list of surreal moments (by anne)

THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT,
THE MORE I'M
CONVINCED MY
LIFE IS LIKE
A COMIC BOOK.



MIND YOU, I DON'T KNOW
IF THAT'S ART
IMITATING LIFE,
OR VICE VERSA,
OR WHAT.



EITHER WAY, I'VE
STILL HAD A RUN
OF
REALLY
WEIRD
MOMENTS...



I GO SEE TORI AMOS PLAY AT THE
DELAWARE STADIUM... AND SPEND
THE
ENTIRE
EVENING
SITTING
BEHIND
HER FAMILY!
TRUE!



I HOST THE LAST MEETING OF THE GRAD SEMINAR I'M TAKING
AT MY HOUSE,
WHICH IS OKAY UNTIL
MY PROF. WALKS INTO
MY OFFICE/BEDROOM +
SAYS —————→
THAT WAS A LITTLE WEIRD.
(BUT THEN AGAIN, SO IS HE)



WINNING BACKSTAGE PASSES TO
MEET ♥ SOUL COWHING ♥ AT THE Y-100
FESTIVAL...

COOL
TATTOO
OF
LOUISE
BROOKS



OH! YOU'RE
PAM'S
FRIEND!

AND THEN HAVING M. DOUGHTY THINK I WAS

UH, SORRY.

BUT THE
SHOW
WAS
GREAT
!



READING PARTS OF MY DISSERTATION
PRE-CHAPTER OUT LOUD.

OK. THE TAMPON AISLE IS A
MANIFESTATION OF THE REAL
BECAUSE THE SYMBOLIC...



NO, REALLY—
IT IS LIKE
THAT.
YES, ON PURPOSE.

GETTING TATTOOED...

YEP! THAT'S M'BOY!



AND
DISCOVERING
THE GUY
INKING MY
ARM WAS
THE FATHER OF
THE GUY WHO
DID MY
KAFKA
TATTOO.

ACTUALLY HAVING THIS CONVERSATION
WITH MY PROFESSOR:

WHAT?

MY LIFE IS LIKE
A COMIC BOOK.

WHOSE ISN'T?!

—→ WEIRD! ←—



AAAGH!

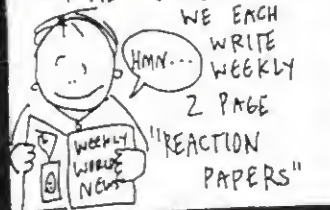


FUN

anne's big scam

A.K.A. "WHY CULTURAL STUDIES KICKS BUTT". BY ANNE. 26 DEC 98

BEGINNING OF SEMESTER. I'M TAKING A CLASS CALLED "TRASH, TEXTS, AND TRACES OF THE REAL" (EEK!) IN WHICH



MY FIRST RESPONSE IS ABOUT CULTURAL STUDIES FEELING, TO ME, LIKE "HOW MUCH CAN I GET AWAY WITH"?



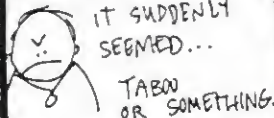
LET'S BE HONEST, FOLKS. I WRITE ABOUT COMIX. MY DISSERTATION'S ABOUT COMIX!



MY PROF WRITES THAT HE'S ENJOYING READING ABOUT MY "GUILTY PLEASURES." SOMEHOW IT SOUNDS FILTHIER THAN I'D INTENDED.



I MEAN, I NEVER INTENDED IT AS FILTHY... BUT IT SUDDENLY SEEMED...



ANYWAY, THIS PROF IS INTENT ON GETTING ME TO WRITE A CHAPTER OF MY DISSERTATION.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA, BUT I'M TERRIFIED.



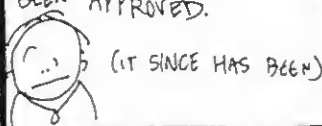
WAIT! DON'T FORGET TO MENTION THAT THE DISS. TOPIC

ISN'T APPROVED, ISN'T WRITTEN, AND BASICALLY DOES NOT YET EXIST...

← VOICE OF REASON.



AT THIS POINT, THE SPECIALTY EXAM PROPOSAL HADN'T EVEN BEEN APPROVED.



AT ANY RATE, MUCH COFFEE AND CONFERENCING ENSUES. HE AGREES TO WORK WITH ME. I LOAN HIM COMIX.



HE THINKS (I THINK HE'S JOKING) I SHOULD DO MY DISSERTATION IN COMIC BOOK FORM.

(HA!) I TURN IN COMIX FOR HOMEWORK.



MY SPECIALTY EXAM GETS POSTPONED UNTIL FEBRUARY...

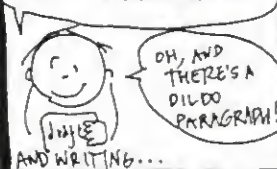


SO I START WRITING THE CHAPTER...

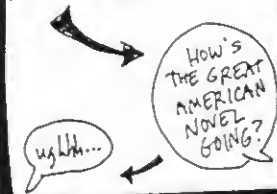
AND WAITING...



OK. THE TAMPON AISLE IS A SITE OF TRAUMA BECAUSE...



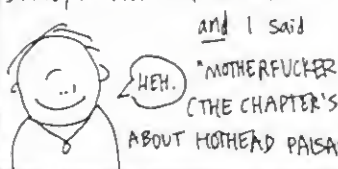
AND WRITING...!



FIFTY-TWO PAGES LATER,...



IN THOSE 52 PAGES, I INCLUDE: RAPE, ANAL RAPE, HOMOSEXUAL RAPE, DILDOS, TAMPONS, PADS, WINGS, DOUCHES, CASTRATION, DRUGS, NOTIONS OF "QUEER"...



I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE COMMENTS.

"I GUESS MY PROF WAS RIGHT → THE BEST REVENGE IS ALWAYS WRITING..."



FIN

hail mary full of grace...

by anne
31st december
1998

WHEN I WAS A KID,
MY GRANDMOTHER AND HER
BEST FRIEND THERESA
USED TO GO TO GARAGE
SALES EVERY SATURDAY.



THEY WERE CONSUMMATE SHOPPERS, ESPECIALLY AT THE
HOLIDAYS. THERESA HAD A FAVORITE SAYING - SHE WAS
A VERY DEVOUT CATHOLIC - THAT SHE USED IN THE



MALL'S PARKING LOT:

"hail mary, full of grace
help us find a parking place."

IT ALWAYS MADE
ME LAUGH.

ME, —→
trying to
keep up, ago!

THERESA ALSO HAD CANCER. MY GRANDMOTHER
WAS RATTLED, BECAUSE THEY WERE ABOUT
THE SAME AGE, EVEN THOUGH THERESA
WAS ALWAYS VERY CONCERNED WITH
LOOKING YOUNG, DESPITE HER
SEVEN CHILDREN...

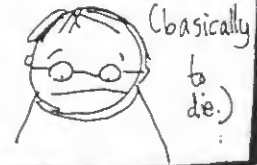


SHE DIDN'T WANT TO DO
CHEMO BECAUSE SHE WOULD
LOSE HER HAIR FROM IT.

SHE WENT INTO
REMISSION AFTER
THE CHEMO, BUT
THE CANCER
CAME BACK.
WORSE THAN
EVER. IN HER
LUNGS. IN
HER STOMACH.

TERMINAL.

my grandmother
knew it was
the end when
theresa left the
hospital and came
home.



I WENT TO SEE THERESA SOON AFTER.
I DIDN'T THINK I'D GET ANOTHER
CHANCE.



I DIDN'T ATTEND HER FUNERAL. I LIKE TO
REMEMBER PEOPLE ALIVE + VIVID.

BUT WHEN I DROVE TO A
CONCERT NOT LONG AFTER
HER DEATH, and COULD NOT
FIND A PARKING SPOT,
I UTTERED THE MAGIC
WORDS... TURNED INTO
THE NEXT LANE...
and there was a
parking place! really and truly!

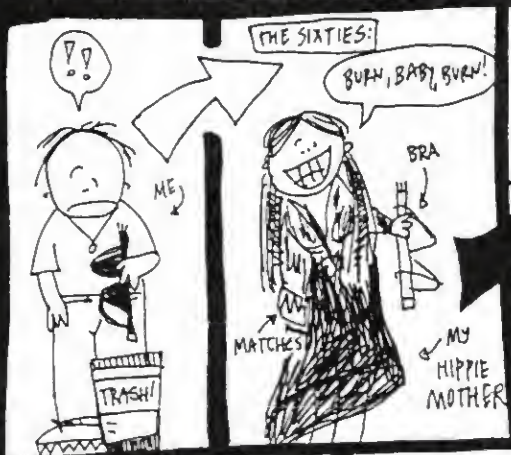


R.I.P.
THERESA



i hate wearing a bra!

by anne (a long standing complaint!)



BRAS MAKE ME CRAZY! THEY ITCH, THEY POKE, THEY PULL, THE ELASTIC BREAKS IF THE UNDERWIRE DOESN'T SNAP FIRST, COME UNDONE AT INOPPORTUNE MOMENTS, RIDE UP, THEY ITCH COH WAIT, I ALREADY SAID THAT!!



AND BASICALLY **THEY SUCK!**

SAVE FOR ONE EXCEPTION: HET BOYS DRESSED UP IN LINGERIE—MOSTLY BRAS—ALWAYS



MAKE MY DAY BRIGHTER.

I HAD A LOVER ONCE WHO WAS SURPRISED I WORE A BRA.

damn it, what?

OF COURSE, THIS INDIVIDUAL ALSO LIKED WATCHING ME DRESS....!



NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE BOY'S WAS HISTORIC...

GODDAMNIT! BEDOFFA ME, I GOTTA GO TO WORK!

HE'D SNEAK UP BEHIND ME AND SAY "WHADDYA NEED A BRA FOR? YOU GOT ME..." AND THEN GRAB MY BREASTS.



OH YEAH?



YEAH! C'MON, SKIP THE BRA!



OKAY—HERE'S WHERE I SHOULD POINT OUT THAT I ALWAYS WEAR A BRA OUT OF THE HOUSE B/C OTHERWISE I JUST MOVE AROUND A LITTLE TOO MUCH...



NARRATOR—ANNE!

PLUS PEOPLE STARE...

star! !!!



C'MON, LIVE A LITTLE!



(TOTALLY REPRESSED FOREIGN BOY)



OKAY, MISTER "LIVE-A-LITTLE"—YOU FUCKIN' WEAR IT!



OH SHIT.



vm... i don't think i can do this...



OH, QUIT YER BITCHIN'! I GOTTA WEAR THAT THING ALL THE DAMN TIME!



ANYWAY - THAT'S WHY I ALSO
LIKE (ESPECIALLY LIKE) GIRLS...



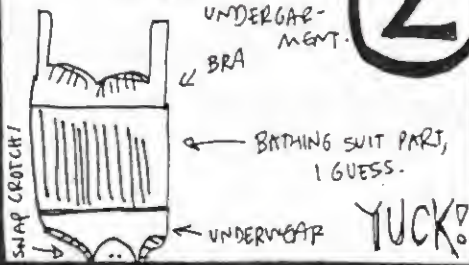
THEY JUST UNDERSTAND IN
A WAY BOYS DON'T.

I CAN'T IMAGINE GOING
BRA SHOPPING WITH A BOY.



(UNLESS HE WAS GINNA WEARIT;
OF COURSE! HEE!)

LATER IN LIFE, MY MOTHER
WOKE "TEDDIES" - ONE PIECE
UNDERGAR-MENT.



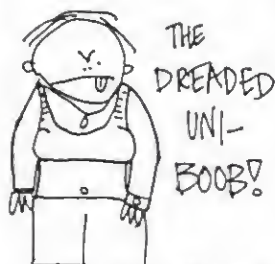
YUCK!

THEY SUCKED EVEN MORE THAN
BRAS: LOOK!



ANYTIME YOU STRETCHED,
THE CROTCH WOULD SNAP OPEN!

SPORTS BRAS SORT OF
STINK TOO... BEHOLD,



(SO NOW I ONLY WEAR IT WHEN
I ROLLERBLADE. ITS LIKE WEARING
A BIG RUBBER-BAND! VCK!

WORSE THOUGH, IS A PHENOMENON
I LIKE TO CALL "DOUBLE-BOOB"



DOUBLE-BOOB'S MY BIG FEAR,
HONESTLY...



OR, WORSE, REALIZING THAT SOMEONE'S
LOOKING AT MY BREASTS...



OR, WORSE YET, THAT IT WAS
BECAUSE OF A SHIRT I'M WEARING!



I DUNNO. I GUESS IT ISN'T
AS BAD AS THOSE THINGS
WOMEN ARE SUPPOSED TO
GLUE TO THEMSELVES



FOR STRAPLESS
DRESSES
AND
SUCH... THOSE
ARE DAMN
SCARY.

AND NOT AS
FREAKY AS
"MERRY-
WIDOWS..."



(WHAT A
STUPID NAME?)

AND I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER
IF IT'S ALL A BIG SCARY
MALE-CONSPIRACY...



TO KEEP WOMEN BOUND UP
AND FREAKED OUT (I MEAN,
SHIT, I JUST DREW 2
PAGES ABOUT ALL THIS)

OR TO TEACH US TO BE
GOOD LITTLE HET GIRLS
OR WHAT...



I MEAN -> THEY AREN'T
CALLED
"TRAINING BRAS"
FOR
NOTHING...

FIN



hu
hu!
hu!

WOMB WITH A VIEW

by anne "slept through sex ed" thalheimer



OR... "PLEASE,
TAKE MY
UTERUS...."

25 DECEMBER 1998

NOW, LISTEN, THAT IS NOT TRUE!

I SUFFERED THRU
SEX ED JUST LIKE
EVERY OTHER POOR
YAHOO IN HIGH SCHOOL!



NO GLOVE,
NO LOVE!

Wanna
rubber?

(WE'D GIVE OUT VALENTINES TOO)

I USED TO DISTRIBUTE
FREE CONDOMS
AS PART OF THE
CAMPUS LES-BI-
GAY GROUP...



REALITY!

DON'T GET ME WRONG - I LIKE SEX,
IT'S NATURAL...



SHUT THE FUCK UP,
YOU HYPOCRITE!



HUH?

NOW, WHO ARE YOU TO BE TALKIN' ABOUT GETTIN'
ANY BOO-TAY? IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED,



IT'S BEEN, WHAT, A YEAR SINCE
YOU GOT ANY... AND THAT WASN'T
EVEN IN THIS DAMN COUNTRY?! YOU
HAVEN'T HAD ANY LOVIN' IN THE
U-S-OF-A FOR, LIKE, A YEAR!!
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!

I'VE BEEN
BUSY!



YEAH, BUT NOT
GETTIN' BUSY!



SHUT
UP!



OH PLEASE. YOU HAVEN'T HAD SEX
WITH AN AMERICAN IN, WHAT?
THREE OR FOUR YEARS. YOU
TURN DOWN PROPOSITIONS.
YOU COULDA HAD IT -
YOU COULDA GOT SOME -
YOU JUST DIDN'T WANT TO!



FUCK
YOU!



OH BABY...
OH PLEASE...
OH HONEY!



I'M WARNING
YOU...

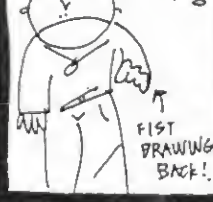


OH, WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO?
READ ME THAT PASSAGE
FROM ZIEK ABOUT



FISTFUCKING
IN EDEN?
WHAT-EVER...!

AWRIGHT, THAT'S
IT!



FIST
PRAWING
BACK!

OW!



alter-
cation...

NOW WILL YA GET OUT OF HERE
AND LET ME TELL MY DAMN
STORY?



OKAY - I HAD NO IDEA IT
WAS SUCH A BIG



REAL -
I'M
OUTTA
HERE,
OKAY?
SHEESH...

OKAY, WHERE WAS I?



YOU WERE
NOT
TALKING
ABOUT
NOOKS

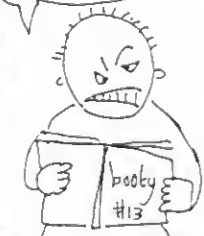
OUT!

LITTLE
"VISUAL FLOW"
PROBLEM...



RIGHT.
BABIES.

WHAT?



FEAR NOT, GENTLE READER

BABIES?



EEW!

IT ISN'T THAT I HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST BABIES THEMSELVES, PER SE...



LOOKS LIKE A JACK-O-LANTERN, HUH?

BUT I PERSONALLY MYSELF AM 100% GROSSED OUT BY THE IDEA OF (ME) BEING PREGNANT.



WOMB 2



YES, THAT'S A PETS...

PEOPLE ARE USUALLY AMUSED WHEN I MAKE MY INVOLUNTARY "VCH-BABY!" FACE...



I NEVER EXPLAIN IN ANY DETAIL.



IT ISN'T BECAUSE I'M BI- THAT ISN'T THE REASON I'M NOT INTERESTED IN BEARING CHILDREN.



AND PLEASE BELIEVE ME- I'M NOT AGAINST PEOPLE HAVING KIDS IF THEY WANNA HAVE KIDS!



EVERY KID SHOULD BE A WANTED CHILD.

(I'M NOT SURE I WAS)

WHAT I AM AGAINST IS PEOPLE EXPECTING ME TO PROCREATE SIMPLY BECAUSE MY BODY'S GOT THE PARTS...



STICK IT, YOU+ YOUR KIND.

OH, YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND- EVERY WOMAN DOES.



AAAAAA!

TIME OUT!

SHIT. HOW'D THESE PANELS GET SO CROOKED?



THE END OF THE FAMILY LINE... WHO CARES?

TIME IN.

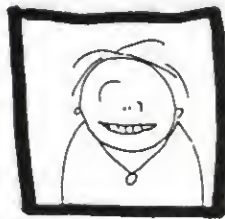


OH YES. I LOVE CHILDREN... CCEK... SO MUCH ZEK...

THIS SCARES ME.

REPRO-ANNIE

I'M TERRIFIED I'D SCAR A CHILD.



I'M AFRAID I'D FUCK IT UP. BAD.

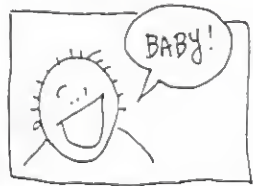
I DO NOT THINK PREGNANCY'S A DISEASE, BUT I ALSO DON'T THINK MY GENES ARE WORTH REPRODUCING AND CONTINUING.



COMES FROM LONG LINE OF ADDICTS WITH BAD EYESIGHT AND MONDO MENTAL DISORDERS...

IT'S LIKE THE MOVIE GATTACA ↑...)

AND I DON'T THINK PEOPLE SHOULD DO SOMETHING,



BABY!

JUST BECAUSE THEY CAN.

I DUNNO. PREGNANCY SCARES ME SO MUCH. IT JUST SEEMS SO WEIRD TO HAVE SOMETHING LIVING INSIDE OF YOU. LIKE A PARASITE. (EEW.)



I MEAN, I STILL SUCK MY THUMB, FOR CHRIS SAKE.

OF COURSE, ITS KIND OF A NON- ISSUE, SINCE I'M NOT GETTING LAID OR ANYTHING!!



after 640

FUN

on the road

(long and winding)

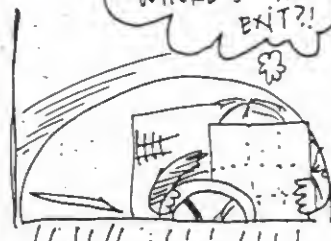
by anne. drawn 3 sept. 1998

THIS WAS THE WEDDING SUMMER,
WITHOUT
A
DOUBT.



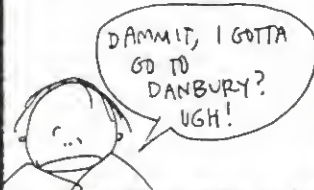
CHRIST,
THIS
DRESS IS
ITCHY.

SHIT!
WHERE'S THE
EXIT?!



I THINK I DROVE 1500 MILES...

OKAY! SO IT WASN'T REALLY
1500, AND NOT ALL AT ONCE.



DAMMIT, I GOTTA
GO TO
DANBURY?
UGH!

SO, ON THE 9TH OF JUNE I DROVE
UP TO
GREAT
BARRINGTON
TO SEE
CHRIS.
EASY
DRIVE.
5 HOURS.

Is to you that i adore
you will always be
my
what...



THE NEW SMASHING PUMPKINS HAD
JUST COME OUT.
I FIGURED IT
WAS PERFECT
(HA HA) DRIVING
MUSIC, ESP.
TO A
DAMN
WEDDING.



BILLY CORGAN,
MASTER OF THE
NASTY COUPLET

IT WAS GREAT
TO SEE
CHRIS.
I LEFT ON
SATURDAY,
TO DRIVE
DOWN
ROUTE 7
TO
BROOKFIELD, WHERE
THE WEDDING WAS AT.



OH, NO
PROBLEM.

ROUTE 7 IS A STRAIGHT SHOT DOWN
FROM MA TO CT. I PUT ON THE
DRESS + GET IN THE CAR WITH
WHAT I THINK IS PLENTY OF
TIME TO
SPARE.



SHIT!

YEAH, RIGHT.

AFTER 4 STOPS AT GAS STATIONS FOR
DIRECTIONS, AND I PEPTALK FROM A
LOCAL, I FINALLY
FIND THE DAMN
INN AND HAUL
ASS FROM THE
CAR TO THE
STANDS.



SHIT!

I EVEN SPRINT.

I GET THERE JUST AS THE
PROCESSION STARTS.



PS. RUNNING
IN FORMAL-
WEAR AND
PANTYHOSE

SUCKS.

BIG TIME SUCKAGE.

EVERYTHING TURNS OUT FINE.



I EVEN READ
THE POEM
I WROTE FOR
ALLISON + SCOTT
(AT THEIR REQUEST)
AND I MANAGE TO
NOT LOOK LIKE
AN ASS.

EVEN THOUGH THEY VIDEOTAPED IT...

HE AND I (AND THREE OTHER
PEOPLE!) SHARED A HOTEL ROOM
(OVERPRICED AND UGLY) IN DANBURY.



I HATE DANBURY.

LOTS OF THE PEOPLE THERE
REMEMBERED ME.

HI ANNE. REMEMBER ME,
ERIC, I MET YOU 5
YEARS AGO AT A
MITTEL FAMILY
PICNIC?



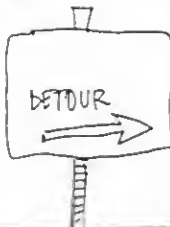
OH MY GOD.

ERIC TURNED OUT TO BE A
TOTALLY NICE,
IF FRIGHTENINGLY
CHIVACEROUS
INDIVIDUAL.

ARE YOU
COLO? HOW-
PUT MY
JACKET
ON...



FOLKS ARE ALWAYS
REALLY RUDE.
AND THE CITY IS
PERPETUALLY
UNDER
CONSTRUCTION.



NIGHTMARE!

ERIC + I HAD A LITTLE BONDING
MOMENT ANYWAY— THE OTHER
3 FOLKS IN THE ROOM TOOK
OFF FOR THE HOTEL BAR.

HOTEL ICE
BUCKET. →



WE STAYED BEHIND.

I WENT TO SHOWER.
HE CHANGED FOR BED.
I COME OUT OF
THE SHOWER,
AND HE
SAYS:

HOPES
YOU'RE
NOT OFFENDED
BY A T-SHIRT
AND BOXERS.



I'M LIKE, WELL, DITTO,
SINCE THAT'S WHAT I SLEEP IN.



WE LOOK
DOWN
AND
REALIZE
WE'RE WEARING
IDENTICAL
BOXERS.



← ME ERIC →

HEY! WHADDYA THINK I
WAS GONNA SAY?
THAT I SCHTUPPED SOME
GUY I LAST SAW
FIVE YEARS AGO?!

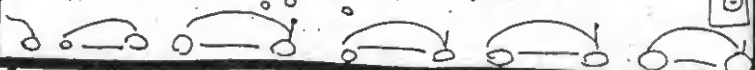
(and didn't remember!) SHEESH!

I REVERSED THE TRIP ON THE 12TH
TO GO TO DAVE + MICHELLE'S WEDDING,
WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE A LOT
MORE FUN THAN
I THOUGHT
IT WOULD
BE.



AH, FUCK.

THE DRIVE HOME WAS FINE— NY 6 OVER THE HUDSON —
6 TO 87, DOWN THE GARDEN STATE PARKWAY... THE ONLY
DRAG WAS THE BACKUP AT THE DELAWARE MEMORIAL
BRIDGE— I STARTED BLOWING BUBBLES...



BY THIS POINT, I WAS PRETTY
SECURE WITH MY DRIVING
ABILITY. WAS IN NEW JERSEY
BY EIGHT. WORE A
PAJAMA TOP 3
SIZES TOO BIG
THE WHOLE
DRIVE UP.

SUPERCOMPLY!



GOT TO G.B. AND WAITED
FOR CHRIS + SIMON. CHRIS'D
SAID THAT I SHOULD MEET
'EM AT THE HOTEL IN

GREENFIELD
SHIT. IF I DIDN'T
SEE HIM
BY A CERTAIN TIME.

I WAS FIGURING OUT HOW TO
GET THERE WHEN HE DROVE UP.

SIMON'S ASLEEP...
WE HIT TRAFFIC,
GET OFF THE
ROTARY TOO SOON

HAIRY STINKY (MY FAULT)

AND FIND THE

HOTELS
MOTEL W.N.

YAY! I YELLED.



UM,
IS THAT
A PAJAMA
TOP?

ANYWAY, CHRIS AND SIMON AND I
HIT THE ROAD! (MIGHT I ADD, IT'S
BEEN RAINING ALL THE WAY UP
FROM DE). WE PLAY THE PLATE GAME.

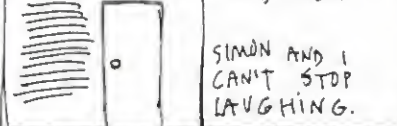
HSB-
955?

CHRIS



HAIRY STINKY
BOYS?

IT'S THE HOTEL FROM HELL, OKAY?
CHRIS INSISTS IT'S THE PRIMO
LODGING FROM THE
WEDDING LIST. I
CHECK, AND HE'S
RIGHT. HE GOES IN
TO MAKE
ARRANGEMENTS
AND CHECK IN.



SIMON AND I
CAN'T STOP
LAUGHING.

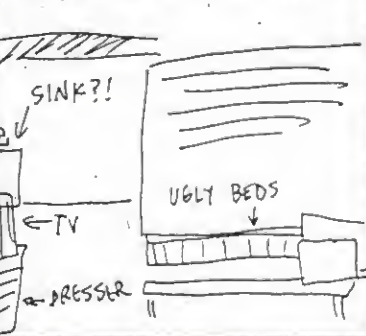
THE WEDDING REHEARSAL
DINNER IS FUN!

LOOK OUT TROUT,
HERE COMES EEE-LI!!



I MEET TONS
OF COOL FOLKS,
EAT
GOOD FOOD,
AND SIT
AROUND TALKIN'. VERY COOL.

THE HOTEL'S ANOTHER STORY.



SINK?!

← TV

← DRESSER

UGLY BEDS

NOTHING MATCHES!

WOOD PANELING WALLS!
FLOWERED WALLPAPER!



YOU GOTTA BE
FUCKIN'
KIDDING
ME.

SIMON AND I ARE SO HORRIFIED WE GO ON A BEER RUN. ROAD 3

IT'S 11 PM,
AND WE
END UP AT
THE LOCAL
GROCERY
STORE.



GET
FOOD.

CHRIS
SAYS.

POINT
TILL.

SIMON TRIES ON SOME SHADES.

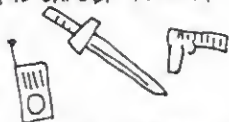
OH MY GOD,
YOU LOOK
LIKE A
PIMP!

I YELL.



MATHEM ENDS, THOUGH WE FIND NO BEER.

SIMON PICKS OUT A TOY FOR
CHRIS → "CAPTAIN COURAGE"
"THE DANGER RANGER" SET.



IT'S GOT A BIG PLASTIC KNIFE...

WE ALSO GET OTHER QUESTIONABLE
ITEMS.



SIMON?
CHECK IT
OUT!!

IT'S A
GUMMY
SNAKE.

WE BOUGHT THREE.

WHAT ELSE DID YOU
GUYS GET?

CHACO-
TACOS!



I ALSO GOT A TOOTHBRUSH, SINCE I'D
FORGOTTEN MINE. I WAS TELLING
SIMON ABOUT THE PREVIOUS WEEK'S TRIP.



AND I ENDED UP BORROWING
CHRIS' SOCKS BECAUSE
I FORGOT MINE! BUT AT
LEAST I REMEMBERED
UNDERWEAR...

UH,
GUYS...?



CHRIS

SIMON HAD TO GET A BELT ANYWAY, SO
CHRIS'D BE FINE. WE ALL GOT UP AND
WENT TO BICKFORD'S
FOR
BREAKFAST
THE NEXT
A.M.

MUST GET
COFFEE...

"EVERYONE"
BEING
ME, CHRIS,
SIMON, WOLF,
KIM... AND
WAS THAT
IT? IDK...



HOWEVER, ONLY AFTER A NIGHT FILLED
WITH SIMON STABBING THE CRACK
BETWEEN THE BEDS (WE STOVE 'EM
TOGETHER + US 3 PILLED INTO 'EM)
AND TALKIN' POSTMODERNISM.

(I'M NOT GONNA DRAW THAT) !

THE WEDDING WAS FINE...

OHNO!
ASIDE FROM
THE RAIN, AND
THE BIG THUNDER-
CLAP RIGHT
AS IT GOT
STARTED...



I DID GET TO SEE OLD FRIENDS
THOUGH... AND A VERY
PREGNANT BRIDE!
VERY BEAUTIFUL, LIP
RINGS + ALL! ...
IT WAS KWDA COOL
TO WATCH IT ALL.



I ALSO HAD A "WOAH!" MOMENT.
I WAS WEARING AN AIDS RIBBON,
'COZ I DO,



AND A
MAN CAME UP
TO ME,
AND
SAID SOMETHING THAT REALLY
STUNNED ME:

"I'VE BEEN POSITIVE FOR 7
YEARS AND I WANTED TO
THANK YOU FOR WEARING
THE RIBBON. PEOPLE
NEED TO BE
REMINDED,
EVEN AT
HAPPY
EVENTS."



WOW.

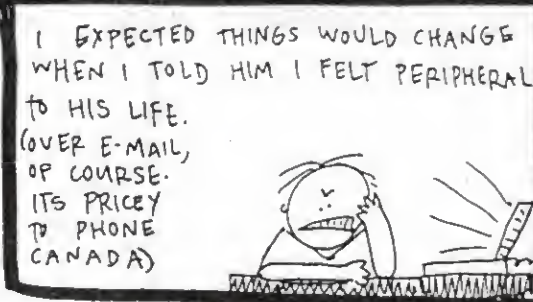
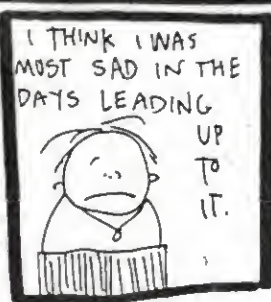
AND
THAT,
FOLKS,
IS THE
STORY IN A
NUTSHELL.

YUP.

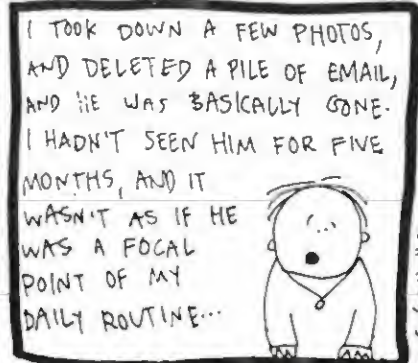
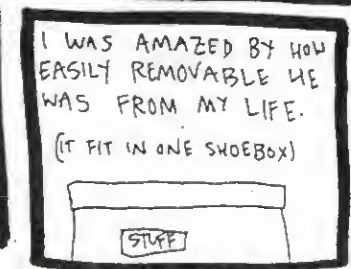
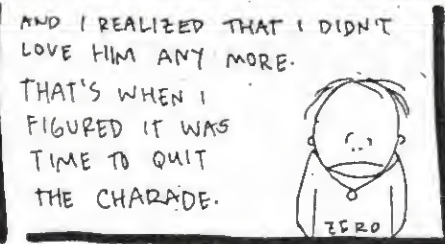
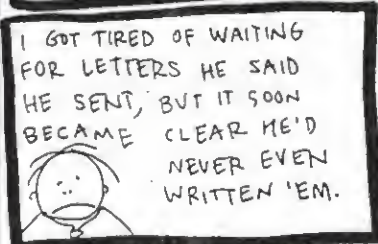
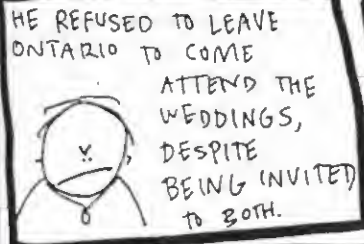
WELL, IT
WASN'T ALL
BAD...



FIN

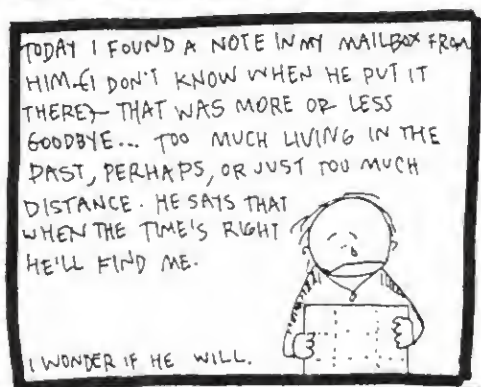
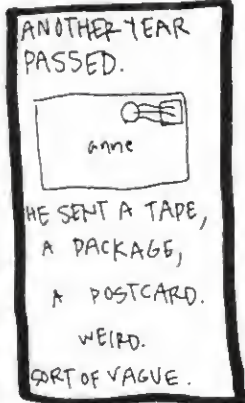
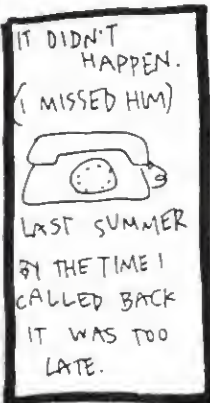
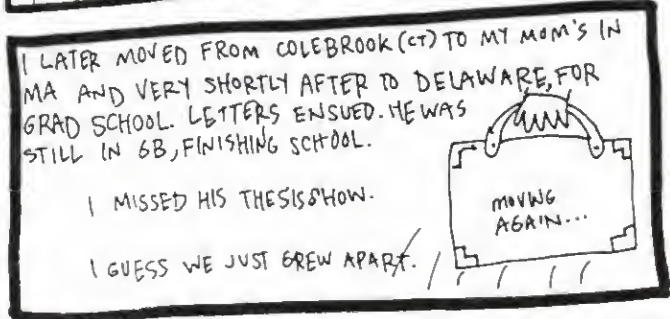
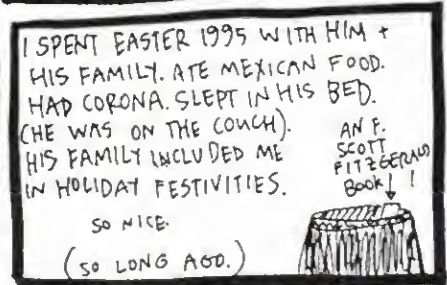
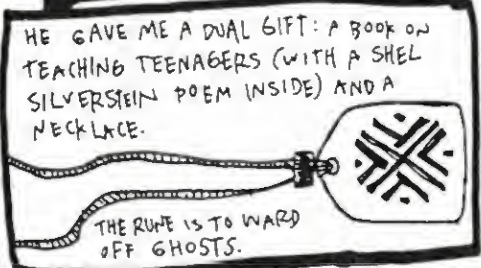
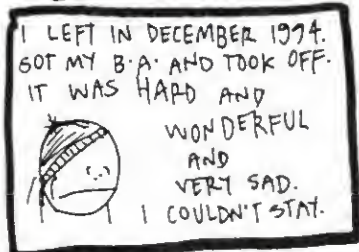


TO BE HONEST, I WAS GETTING PRETTY FRUSTRATED WITH THE DYNAMIC OF THE RELATIONSHIP.



WROTE HIM A LETTER TODAY! :)

FIN



I SUCK!!

BAD! I REEF! I'M DEPRESSED FOR NO REASON!!

FIRST WORKIVE
DONE ON BOOTH
IN FIVE MONTHS..

24
JULY
99

I AM THE QUEEN OF EXCUSES.



I'M DEPRESSED WHILE CLEANING TODAY
I FOUND AN OLD LETTER FROM SOMEONE
I LIKED VERY MUCH AND HAVE NOT
HEARD FROM IN A VERY LONG WHILE.



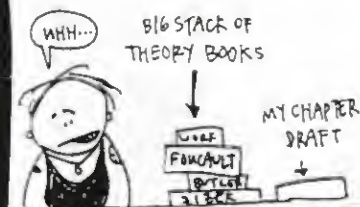
MAKES ME REALLY SAD.

IT'S HOT!!

(BUT I GET TO SHOW OFF
MY TATTOOS W/TANK TOPS!)



I DON'T THINK I'M WORKING ENOUGH.



I HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT
HOW TO EXPLAIN TO
MY ELDERLY
GRANDPARENTS (WHO
ARE BASICALLY MY
PARENTS) EXACTLY
HOW TATTOOED
I AM. (REEK!)



HE! YOUR PANELS
ARE ALL FUCKED UP
AGAIN!!



I'M FEELING A LITTLE OLD.
(I'M NOT EVEN 25 YET).



KWDA WEIRD.

HALF THE TIME I
MISS TRAVELLING
AND HALF THE
TIME
I'M TOTALLY
SICK OF IT.



NEW YORK CITY SCARES ME IN A WAY I
CAN'T ARTICULATE. THAT ISN'T
STOPPING ME FROM
THINKING ABOUT
MOVING THERE.

NO, REALLY!!



SHRUG!

MY
KICKBOXING
CLASS AT
THE
TWCA
IS
KICKING
MY
BUTT!
(AND I REALLY
LIKE IT)



I DO NOT THINK OF
MYSELF AS A VIOLENT
PERSON.



BUT I LOVE THIS
KICKBOXING CLASS...



AND IT TOOK
ME FIVE
MONTHS!
TO DO THIS
PAGE!! ARGH!



let's all go to philadelphia!

THE CITY WITH SOMETHIN' FOR EVERYONE!

by anne 5 september 99

SO I'M WORKING THIS AWFUL OFFICE DAY JOB...



HELLO, ENGLISH DEPARTMENT. THIS IS ANNE. CAN I HELP YOU?

I MEAN, THERE ARE PERKS. I DIDN'T HAVE TO DRESS UP, AND I GOT TO READ A LOT AS WELL. PAY KINDA SUCKED THOUGH.

READIN' COMICS AT WORK



AND AS I'M SURFING THE WEB, I DISCOVER

COOL! MOBY'S TOURING!



I DIG MOBY'S MUSIC.

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'D BEEN TO A SHOW OR GONE RAVING - I'D BEEN CRAZY BUSY.



LET'S GO!!

COOL - PHILLY! UH... WHO'S MOBY?



SARA

SARA WANTED TO GO TO PHILLY TO SEE HER BOYFRIEND KEN. KEN ENDED UP BUYING FIVE TICKETS, ONE FOR ANA AND ONE FOR HIS FRIEND MIKE. SUDDENLY WE WERE A BRIGADE. (GROAN)



OH. OK.

WE PLANNED TO MEET AT COPABANANA, THIS BAR NEXT TO THE T.L.A. THEN FOLKS WERE HUNGRY, SO WE WENT TO A STEAK JOINT (PHILLY CHEESE-STEAK). I'M A BIG VEGETARIAN.



YIKES!

SO MIKE + KEN WERE SATIATED.

ANA WANTED TO SEE SOME OF SOUTH STREET. SO WE WENT WALKING. SARA WANTED TO



BUT WE'RE GONNA MISS THE OPENING ACT!

SPEND TIME W/ KEN. I THINK

MIKE WAS SCAMMING ON ANA. I WANTED TO GO TO THE SHOW. ON THE WAY BACK UP SOUTH STREET...

I BUSTED LOOSE AFTER SARA SAID "DID YA TELL ANNE THE NEW PLAN? WE'RE GOIN' TO ANOTHER BAR". KEN + MIKE DIDN'T WANT TO GO IN YET.

WOULD LIKE MY TICKET NOW, PLEASE.



THEY WERE LIKE, UH, HOW ARE WE GONNA FIND YOU?

I'LL BE DOWN FRONT



THEY DID, ABOUT 45 MIN LATER.

AND I WAS. ANA CAME DOWN - MIKE + SARA + KEN RETREATED TO THE BAR. MOBY'S LEAPING ALL OVER THE PLACE... IT IS AMAZING.



AND I ACTUALLY GOT TO SAY HI TO THE MAN. HE WAS VERY NICE.



HE DREW ME A CARTOON OF HIMSELF, SO I DID ONE OF ME FOR HIM.

SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME

FUN

THE SECRET

SHH!!

by anne 3 sept 99

READERS OF BOOTH NO DOUBT REMEMBER MY GRANDPARENTS (MY DAD'S PARENTS. MY MOM'S PARENTS ARE BOTH DEAD)

GRAND MOM (LORRAINE)



GRAND DAD (ROBERT)



I HAVE A SMALL AND HIGHLY FUCKED-UP FAMILY.

ME, MOM, AND 2 BROTHERS



ONLY 1 FAMILY PIC IN EXISTENCE

TO RECAP: TWO ALCOHOLIC PARENTS, DAD GOT SOBER WHEN I WAS 15, MOM WHEN I WAS 16, THEY DIVORCED, HE HAD AFFAIRS, SHE WAS GONNA BE A NUN. I SAID, "FUCK THIS!" AND LEFT HOME SHORTLY AFTER. DAD'S ON WIFE 3, RELAPSED BUT IS SOBER AGAIN, MOM NEVER REMARRIED.



IT'S IMPORTANT CONTEXT FOR THE STORY!



THE POINT IS, I CARE WHAT MY GRANDPARENTS THINK OF ME.



ON THE FLIP SIDE, MY PARENTS SPENT SO MANY YEARS NOT BEING INVOLVED WITH MY LIFE, IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT FOR THEM TO START EXPRESSING APPROVAL OR DISAPPROVAL NOW.



I GOTTA TELL 'EM.



IT DIDN'T SEEM RIGHT TO TELL THEM I HAVE TATTOOS, BUT IT SEEMED MORE WRONG TO NOT TELL THEM. I FELT LIKE I WAS LYING TO THEM AND TO MYSELF.



THEY'RE MY SUPPORT SYSTEM; THEY'RE LIKE THE PARENTS I NEVER HAD WHILE I WAS GROWING UP.



I DECIDED I HAD TO TELL THEM.

THEY ARE SURPRISINGLY HIP, ACTUALLY. MY GRANDDAD'S RETIRED, + LOVES GERMAN OPERA AND INDIAN FOOD. MY GRANDMOM'S LIKE MY FAVORITE SUPERHERO— SHE GOT SOBER + THEN DECIDED TO GO INTO COUNSELING TO HELP OTHERS GET SOBER TOO. SHE VOLUNTEERS IN A MEN'S PRISON, FOR CHRISAKES! SHE ROCKS!



SUSHI?

SO OF COURSE I FELT LIKE A BIG FUCKING FAKE EVERY TIME I SAW THEM AND KEPT MY MOUTH SHUT.



THEY TOOK THE NEWS WELL. I TOLD MY GRANDMOTHER FIRST AND LET HER BREAK THE NEWS TO GRANDDAD, WHO'S REFUSING TO WEAR HIS HEARING AIDS AS OF LATE.



BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THEY'RE THRILLED. WE WERE WATCHING T.V. THE OTHER WEEK, DURING THE NEWS, AND THIS COMMERCIAL COMES ON...



SO MY DAUGHTER WANTS TO GET TATTOO...

WHAT IS SHE IN THE NAVY?

FIN

OH MY GOD, IT'S BEEN HOW LONG?



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S BEEN NINE MONTHS SINCE I PUT OUT AN ISSUE...!!

IT WAS LIKE THIS
HUGE SNOWBALL...



IT MUST
BE
KARMA
OR
SOMETHING...

I FINISHED THE LAST
BOOTY ON NEW YEARS...



WOAH.



SO I GUESS I'VE
MADE UP



FOR
THAT...
BY
TAKING SO
DARN LONG TO FINISH
THIS ONE... UGH!!

EEEK.



EXCEPT IT FEELS
LIKE EVERY ISSUE'S
GOT AN EXCUSE
PAGE FOR WHY
IT TAKES ME
SO LONG TO
FINISH...

WHICH IS
FRUSTRATING
ME
THESE
DAYS,
FRANKLY.



MY LIFE'S WAY MORE HECTIC
THAN I USUALLY
ADMIT.



AND I WORK TOO MUCH TOO.

ON THE OTHER HAND, I
JUST FINISHED THE
HELL YEAR OF
THE PH.D. ...
AFTER THAT ALL,
I'M PRIMED TO
BE AT HOME IN MY
LEAPING FOR
JOY...
P.J.'S WRITING MY
DISSERTATION...
YEP.



I'VE BEEN GOING NON-STOP
SINCE I PASSED MY QUALS
LAST YEAR... LAST AUGUST...



THEY CHANGED THE EXAM THO - NOW IT'S
A 90 MIN ORAL, NOT 12 HOURS WRITTEN...

BUT NOW I'VE GOT
TO ACTUALLY
WRITE A
DISSERTATION.



WHICH IS BOTH VERY COOL
AND TOTALLY TERRIFYING.

BUT LET'S OVERVIEW, LIKE, THE
LAST 9 MONTHS.



I HAD MY
WISDOM
TEETH
OUT
IN
JANUARY,
AND THEN



I HAD MY PH.D. SPECIALTY
EXAM A WEEK LATER...
YES, IT WAS AN ORAL EXAM.
DAMN THE IRONY.

I PASSED MY SPECIALTY EXAM,
AND BY SAD COINCEDENCE, MY
COMMITTEE FLED THE NEXT DAY.

MY DIRECTOR
LIVES IN
TORONTO.

MY 2ND READER
WENT ON SABBATICAL

MY 3RD READER
WENT TO TEACH
IN LONDON.

WHAT'D I
DO?



IT'S STILL A LITTLE
NUTTY - MY DIRECTOR'S ON
SABBATICAL NOW + IS IN
TORONTO UNTIL FEBRUARY, AND
MY SECOND READER'S GOING
TO GO TEACH IN LONDON IN
JANUARY... Sigh... & MY
3RD READER'S LIKE MY NEW BEST
FRIEND -



WHICH IS SORT OF THIS
OTHER ISSUE. LATELY I'VE
BEEN FEELING DESERTED
AND SORT
OF DISTORTED,
TEMPORARY,
AND
DISPOSABLE.

2



THE TRUTH OF IT IS THAT I'M NOT
SO GREAT DEALING WITH PEOPLE.
THERE'S A SHOCKER!
I'M WORSE WITH RELATIONSHIPS.
SO I DON'T HAVE 'EM.
ME, BUNDLED UP IN BED,
ALONE, READING.

THE PROBLEM IS THAT
ALMOST EVERYONE I KNOW
IS IN
ONE,
AND A GOOD
NUMBER OF FOLKS
I KNOW ARE
MARRIED.



AND PEOPLE ENCAPSULATE
WHEN IN RELATIONSHIPS
(WELL, NEW ONES
ANYWAY...) AND TEND
TO VANISH.
MAKES ME SORT OF SAD...



I MEAN, LET ME EXPLAIN.
I'M THRILLED FOR 'EM.
AT THE SAME TIME,
I DO
KIND OF
MISS
THEM.



I GOT BADLY BASHED LAST YEAR
BY SOMEONE I'D THOUGHT WAS
MY FRIEND, WHO TOTALLY
ASSUMED I HAD
A PROBLEM WITH
PEOPLE DATING,
AND SEX, AND
SO ON.
WHATEVER.



I CAN'T EVEN
TELL YOU THE
SHIT I GET
FROM PEOPLE
BECAUSE I
DON'T DATE
AND AM
CELIBATE
BY CHOICE.



I THINK PEOPLE ASSUME
THAT BECAUSE I'M FAT,
NOBODY'D
WANT
TO
FUCK
ME
ANYWAY.



I'M NOT SAYING I'LL NEVER
DATE AGAIN. I JUST DON'T THINK IT'S
SUCH A STELLAR IDEA RIGHT NOW.



OKAY, WAIT. JUST
ONE MORE
CHAPTER...
COME
ON!

I'VE GOT TWO CHAPTERS IN DRAFT.
BUT YOU HAVE FOUR
TO GO.



OLD GUARD
PALE-MALE
PROF.
YIKES!

PLUS I'D LIKE TO
FINISH SOONER
RATHER THAN
LATER.



SO I GAVE A PAPER IN NEW ORLEANS
IN MARCH, THEN WENT ON VACATION
TO LONDON, CAME
HOME, WENT TO NYC,
HOME, THEN DC;
THEN MA FOR 3
WEEKS, HOME, THEN
BACK TO D.C. IN JULY,
THEN BACK HERE, AND
I'M OFF TO D.C. FOR ICAF
ON THE 15TH, THEN BOSTON +
THE BERKSHIRES ON THE 24TH.
THEN CHICAGO IN DECEMBER!



MY HOUSEMATE
FROM HELL
MOVED OUT
WHILE I WAS
IN MASSACHUSETTS.
YAY!!



AND I HAVE A BIRTHDAY COMING UP.
I'LL BE 25, AND AM LOOKING
FORWARD TO BEING CLOSER TO
THIRTY THAN TWENTY. I'M STILL
A LITTLE SAD - I MISS GALEN -
HE'D HAVE BEEN TURNING 25
THIS YEAR TOO.
BUT I'M TRYING TO NOT
DWELL ON HIS DYING,
AND MY DISSERTATING,
AND SUCH. I'M LOOKING
FOR BALANCE THESE DAYS.





IT'S EITHER THE 29TH OR THE 30TH OF JULY, DEPENDING ON YOUR VIEWPOINT; IT'S LATE FOR ME THESE DAYS SINCE I'M HOLDING DOWN A PART-TIME SUMMER JOB AS AN OFFICE SECRETARY IN THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT. THE JOB'S OKAY, BUT EXCEEDINGLY DULL MOST OF THE TIME. I NEED THE MONEY. I'M NOT WRITING MY DISSERTATION, AND I REALLY FEEL I SHOULD BE.

IT'S TOO HOT TO SLEEP, EVEN WITH THE FAN ON, EVEN AT TWO IN THE MORNING. I'VE BEEN PLAYING MOBY'S "THE RAIN FALLS AND THE SKY SHUDDERS" REPEATEDLY IN PART BECAUSE IT'S SO BREATHTAKING, IN PART BECAUSE IT SOUNDS COOL, NOT COOL LIKE HIP BUT COOL LIKE COLD COOL LIKE JAZZ COOL LIKE RELIEF FROM LATE-NIGHT-END-JULY HEAT COMING THROUGH THE CRACKS AND OPEN WINDOWS IN MY RENTED BEDROOM, AND IN PART BECAUSE IT SOUNDS LIKE CITY, THE WIND AND RAIN AND TAXICABS AT 2 A.M.



LATELY I'VE BEEN HAVING MOOD SWINGS. I'VE BEEN MISSING CITY LIFE. I DREAMT OF LONDON LAST NIGHT, OF MASS TRANSIT AND WALKING TO WORK, OF PEOPLE EVERYWHERE, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AGES I FELT OKAY IN A CITY,

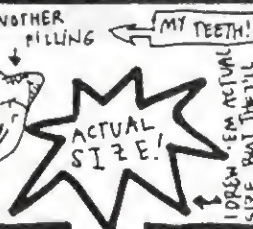
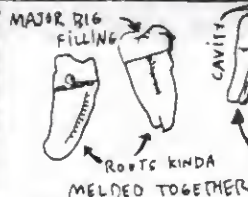


IN A CROWD, NOT PANICKING ABOUT OTHERS. I WOKE UP REFRESHED.

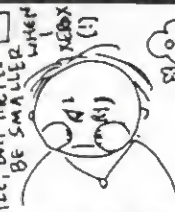
I'M NOT SURE I'M READY TO RETURN TO NYC THOUGH FOR MORE THAN A WEEK. WE'LL SEE.

I'M GETTING MORE AND MORE SURE THAT I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE. THE WATER TASTES LIKE BLEACH + SINCE I CAN'T TAKE THE CAR I WON'T OWN TO THE STORE, ITS ICKY WATER OR NOTHING RIGHT NOW. AND A WALK TOMORROW. MAYBE I CAN LULL MYSELF INTO SLEEP. MAYBE THE SCARY NEIGHBORS WILL STOP SHOUTING ABOUT "DRINK! DRINK!" AND THEIR KEG, SINCE ITS TOO HOT TO SHUT THE WINDOWS... (ALL OF THE DOWNSIDES OF CITY LIFE WITH NONE OF THE PERKS). IF I CAN JUST GET THE DISSERTATION DONE. I SHOULD ENJOY THE PROCESS, SHOULD LEARN FROM IT RATHER THAN RUSH THROUGH. "AIR CONDITIONING" MY GRANDPARENTS SAY, "YOU SHOULD GET AN AIR CONDITIONER" AND LOOK AT ME FUNNY WHEN I SAY "NO, NO, THEY MAKE ME ITCH, THEY'RE FULL OF CHEMICALS, I CAN'T, I WON'T" ~ THERE'S SOMETHING CHARMING IN BEING SLICK WITH SWEAT, VAGUELY SEXY, I THINK, THOUGH I THINK ALSO PERHAPS RIGHT NOW I WOULD PREFER RAIN... (end)





100% REAL ACTUAL SIZE, BUT THEY'LL BE SMALLER WHEN I SEE THEM



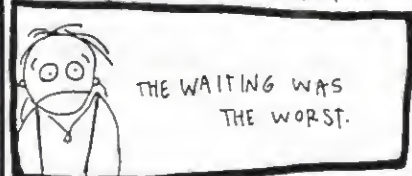
WHO COOKED UP THE TERM "WISDOM TEETH?"

BY + © ANNE 31 JULY 1999



AFTER YEARS OF PROBLEMS, I FINALLY ELECTED TO HAVE MY WISDOM TEETH "EXTRACTED" AT THE RIPE OLD AGE OF 24. IT WAS THAT OR DEAL WITH GETTING THE TEETH (CONSTANTLY) FIXED. IN ADDITION, I WAS ABOUT TO LOSE MY (RATHER LIMITED) DENTAL INSURANCE... SO I CHOSE THE SURGERY.

I TOWNED THE ORAL SURGEON'S OFFICE. I ASKED LOTS OF QUESTIONS. IT SEEMED OKAY. THE SURGEON + EVERYONE SEEMED NICE. SO, 10 AM ON FRIDAY 22 JANUARY.



OKAY, THE WAITING ROOM, AND LOTS OF ADVICE!



ALLIGH!



PANIC! I FREAKED OUT! CAN'T HEAR WHAT?!

I'D DECIDED AGAINST BEING KNOCKED OUT OR SEDATED, EVEN THE IDEA OF TAKING PAINKILLERS MADE ME REALLY NERVOUS + SCARED.

OKAY, WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER I HAD MIGRAINES SO BAD I WAS CONSTANTLY ON PAINKILLERS. THEY WERE GONNA PUT ME ON NEEDLES, LIKE, I'D BE SHOOTING UP. REALLY. I DECIDED THAT WAS TOO EXTREME.



THE WINSTED E.R. DOC WAS AMAZED I REFUSED PAINKILLERS WHEN I BROKE MY LEG WHILE WORKING IN CONNECTICUT IN FEB. 95.

DRUGS MAKE ME NERVOUS THESE DAYS + HAVE FOR THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS.

ON THE OTHER HAND, I FILLED THE SCRIPT.



ANYWAY, BACK TO THE STORY.

IT WAS 11 WHEN THEY TOOK ME BACK...



I WAS SORT OF STRESSED OUT ANYWAY, TEACHING A LIT CLASS M AND W FROM 6 UNTIL 10 PM, AND STUDYING LIKE MAD FOR MY SPECIALTY EXAM FOR MY PH.D. WORK ON 4 FEBRUARY CON GENDER, VIOLENCE, AND HETEROSEXUAL IDEOLOGY, AND THE FEMALE BODY... YIKES!



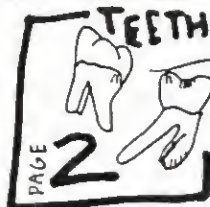
SO, ME, THE BACKPACK, AND
MY ROBYN HITCHCOCK TAPE
WENT BACK, INTO THE
SURGICAL AREA.



GULP!

I SAT DOWN.
I WAS OK.

NOVACAINE
INJECTED.



AND THEN THEY
STRAPPED ME INTO
THE CHAIR!?

I BEGAN SHAKING, AND
SWEATING,
AND GRABBED
THE ARMRESTS ON
THE CHAIR LIKE
A WHITE-
KNUCKLE
FLYER.
(WHICH I AM, WHEN
TURBULENCE HITS...)



"CLOSE YOUR EYES" THE SURGEON
SAID, "YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE THIS"

SO I DID.

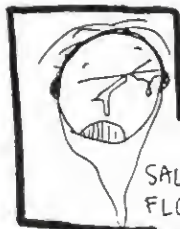


OH
MY
GOD.

I COULD FEEL THEM,
THE TEETH, BEING
WORKED LOOSE FROM
MY JAW. IT DIDN'T
HURT. I THINK THAT'S
WHY I WAS SCARED.



I WAS SO FREAKED OUT
I BEGAN
WEEPING,
AND COULDN'T
STOP THE
SALTWATER
FLOWING OUT
OF MY EYES. HELPLESS.
IT WAS UTTERLY TERRIFYING.



IN ABOUT AN HOUR IT WAS
DONE, AND I LEFT WITH MY
TEETH IN A WHITE
ENVELOPE,
A PAINKILLER
PRESCRIPTION,
AND A TON
OF GAUZE
PACKED WHERE
MY TEETH USED
TO BE.



MY GRANDFATHER DROVE ME
HOME, AFTER A STOP AT THE
PHARMACY... I PUT ON PAJAMAS...

OK. I FEEL
OK...

I WAS OKAY,
HUNGRY,
BUT OKAY.



IT TOOK A FEW
HOURS BEFORE I
DARED CHECK THE
GAUZE.

I'M
STILL
BLEEDING...

POSTER OF
POB. (YES)



KINDA
SCARY.

THE BLEEDING FINALLY STOPPED
AT ABOUT FIVE. FINALLY. I
LOOKED AT THE STITCHES... UGH...

I CAN EAT!!

OKAY,
A LITTLE
MUMBLED,
BUT STILL.

I HADN'T EATEN
FOR ABOUT 36
HOURS...
OH BOY.



SO YOURS TRULY WHIPPED OUT
THE COMIC BOOKS, MY
BLANKET, AND THE LEFT-
OVER VEGAN CHILI, WHICH
I DEVoured,
HOWEVER
GINGERLY.



END



NOT KNOW
THE TRUTH...

“HEY, WHAT DOES Ph.D STAND FOR, ANYWAY?”

by anne 17 april 2000

PURPOSEFULLY HEAVY DOGMA?



PLAN TO HAVE YOUR LIFE
DISAPPEAR?

PILE HIGHER + DEEPER?

BIG HEAVY BOOK

please help, dear?!

DOCTOR!!
HMM...



WELL, IT ACTUALLY STANDS FOR
"DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY"
WHICH STRIKES ME AS SORT
OF GOOFY CONSIDERING
THAT I DON'T KNOW
MUCH OF ANYTHING ABOUT
PHILOSOPHY...
(love of knowledge, my FOOT!)



THOUGH THAT "PILE
HIGHER + DEEPER"
HAS GOT SOME
TRUTH TO IT.

THE GRADUATE
CATALOGUE BECAME
MY BEST FRIEND FOR
A WHILE.



•KAY, I'VE GOT
THAT REQUIREMENT
OUT OF THE
WAY, BUT...



THEY MAKE IT LOOK SO EASY.
MOST PLACES REQUIRE YOU TO
HAVE A MASTER'S DEGREE
BEFORE YOU START PHD
STUFF. UD'S NO
DIFFERENT—
I GOT MY M.A.
HERE IN 1997,
AFTER SOME RUCKUS.



HERE YOU TAKE 10 CLASSES
(OR 8, AND WRITE A THESIS,
WHICH IS WHAT I DID) TO GET
A MASTER IN ARTS
DEGREE. THEN YOU
APPLY FOR A SPOT
IN THE PH.D.
PROGRAM.



IT ISN'T AUTOMATIC—

NOT
EVERYONE
GETS IN.



REMEMBER MY
HELL-HOUSEMATE
FROM LAST ISSUE? REJECTED.



WHAT GOES AROUND
COMES AROUND.
DON'T MESS
WITH KARMA,
FOLKS.

ANYWAY...

I DID A THESIS ON COMICS.
THE GRADUATE COMMITTEE
(WHICH CHANGES MEMBERS
EACH YEAR) WANTED TO
SEE THE THESIS BEFORE
THEY'D CONSIDER ME
FOR THE PH.D. PROGRAM.



OBVIOUSLY, IT ALL WORKED OUT O.K.

THE PH.D IS GRANTED
WHEN THE FOLLOWING
REQUIREMENTS HAVE
BEEN MET...



↑
RIGHT, NOW
WE'RE
GETTING
BACK TO
THE
STORY

① "COMPLETING AT LEAST 8 COURSES
(24 CREDIT HOURS) BEYOND THOSE
TAKEN FOR THE M.A."

WELL, I KNOW WE DON'T
HAVE COURSES IN LITERARY
THEORY NEXT
SEMESTER, BUT
HERE'S A COURSE
ON THE MODERNISTS.



→ HIGH SCHOOL
GUIDANCE
COUNSELOR FLASHBACK

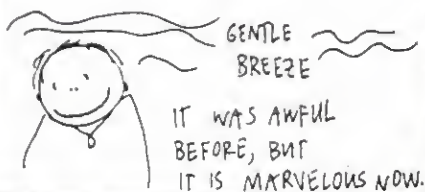
stuff i dig

totally self-absorbed!

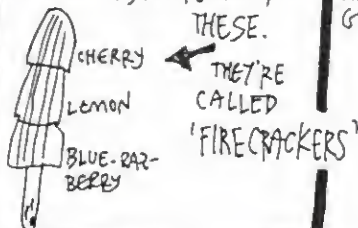
(I.E. THERE'S TOO MUCH GRIPING IN THIS ISSUE!)

by ANNE 11 May 2000

THE WEATHER IS FINALLY NICE.



POPSICLES. ESPECIALLY THESE.



THE CO-OP IN TOWN SELLS REALLY GOOD BREAD AND LICORICE.



WALKING HOME FROM KICKBOXING I SAW A SMALL CAT WATCHING ME WALK.



THIS LITTLE WONDER IS C A E S U P A, THE 4D LIT MAG, EDITED.



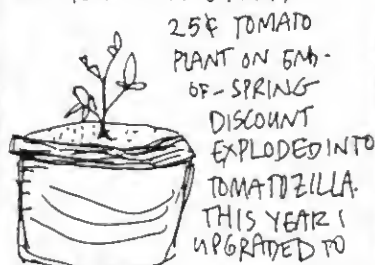
SNEAKING OUT OF WORK EARLY ON A REALLY NICE DAY

HALF OUT THE DOOR



YEAH, I NEED BROCHURES FOR SPRING...

MY TOMATO PLANTS. I HAD A MONSTER CROP LAST YEAR - THIS SCRAPPY



(AHEM) "BURPEE BIG GIRL" TOMATOES.

I ACTUALLY HAVE A COOL FLOWER GARDEN BY MY WINDOW



FLOWERS ARE A BIG DEAL LATELY.

FOUR TULIPS UNEXPECTEDLY APPEARED IN THE GARDEN, RIGHT WHERE WE BURIED KEYSER SÖZE, OUR BADASS 'RED SNAKEHEAD' FISH.



NOBODY REMEMBERS PLANTING THEM.

MY NEW TATTOO IDEA. ONE OF THESE, IN EACH SHOULDER.



NON-SEQUITUPS!



AND I DIG THE SURF SHORTS SYLVIE SCARED UP FOR ME.



THEY ARE AN EXTRAORDINARY IRIDESCENT BLUE...

END

SYLVIE'S



SEARCH...
by anne 4may200

OK. THIS ONE'S BEEN
TEARS IN THE
MAKING...



i kept promising to
do it and never
quite got there...

you all remember my
bikini-wearin' buddy
SYLVIE, yeah?



HI
FOLKS.

the actual story is not so exciting, really.
Sylvie wanted a bikini, but, like most folks,



I NEED A
BIKINI!

yes, sylvie always
wears shades cos
she's cool like that.

found that the
top part
and the bottom
part
didn't...
match.



The solution? Buy two and
split
the
set.



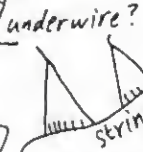
kaching! kaching!

catalogue ordering (which is what
sylvie liked) could get confusing
too, even when they set it up
so you can get a top
in one size and
bottoms in another.



bandeau?

BUT THE SIZE
DEPENDS
ON THE
STYLE
OF BIKINI.



string?



☆???

and many
catalogues
don't carry
anything
above a
C-cup...

and FURTHERMORE, why is it that
fat women generally get stuck



in bathing
suits like
THIS?!
shirring and
control panel
to "flatten
your tummy"

the only thing bikini-like i could find in
my size was a "TANK-KINI"
with boy-leg shorts.



covers belly
covers butt
my cowgirl stance.

Sylvie ended up develop-
ing a sort of
shorthand to get the
right-
fitting
bikini.



YEAH, HI. I WANT A BIKINI.
TOP SIZE? BIG BIG BIG!
ASS? NOT SO BIG.
YEAH!



then she went to Hawaii
and got custom-made bikinis.
she sent me surf shorts.



they're a
little
tight in
the
hips...

OH, NO WAY!
YOU'RE WEARIN'
A BIKINI IN
THE KIDIE
POOL THIS SUMMER!



YOU
PROMISED

FUCK.



end